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THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

A SUBJECT which we have never seen duly handled yet is the connection of the amusements of a people with their general welfare and character. In fact, few know anything of the philosophy of sport; and yet there is a visible connection all through history between the serious and the light aspects of national life—and the latter tends valuably to illustrate the former, if adequately examined. When war is habitual, the amusements of a race correspond: tournaments engage the great, and cudgel-playing and wrestling the small. Bears are baited, not out of cruelty alone, but because populations are hardy and coarse, and have not that abhorrence of pain which belongs to more delicate and tranquil periods. Perhaps the latest stage of all is when a nation seeks its amusements in the Arts and in Letters. That time is apparently coming in Europe now—at all events, in the case of the higher classes. They still keep up—and we are glad to see it—many old open-air sports; but your fox-hunter, instead of spending the evening over his bottle, retires early to the drawing-room and listens to the airs of Bellini. Squire Western, were he alive now, would read Thackeray and go to the Royal Academy. Commodore Trunnion would patronise the United Service Museum. The ages of action are almost gone; and we live in an age which talks, plays the fiddle, reads novels, speculates, and criticises. "Education" is talked of as if it consisted wholly of book-learning and sight-seeing; and when a gentleman wants to give his peasantry a treat, he does not offer five guineas to the fellow who shall catch a greased pig by the tail, or open his home-brewed, *ad lib.*, in his park;—no, he marches them through his galleries to look at vases and pictures, or gives them a lecture at Pleb-Biddlecumb on the solar system. A whole system of social reform accordingly has sprung up out of such practices; and a large party of writers think all is done for "the people" when they are trotted through museums, and turned loose among fields spotty with daisies.

For our own parts, we are never too anxious to exaggerate the value of little bits of improvement, yet to-day we must make the most of this modern tendency, and in common gratitude to Manchester for the magnificent display it has set before Europe, must put the best face on the whole matter. We welcomed the idea of the Exhibition when it was first launched, and are bound to commend it now that it



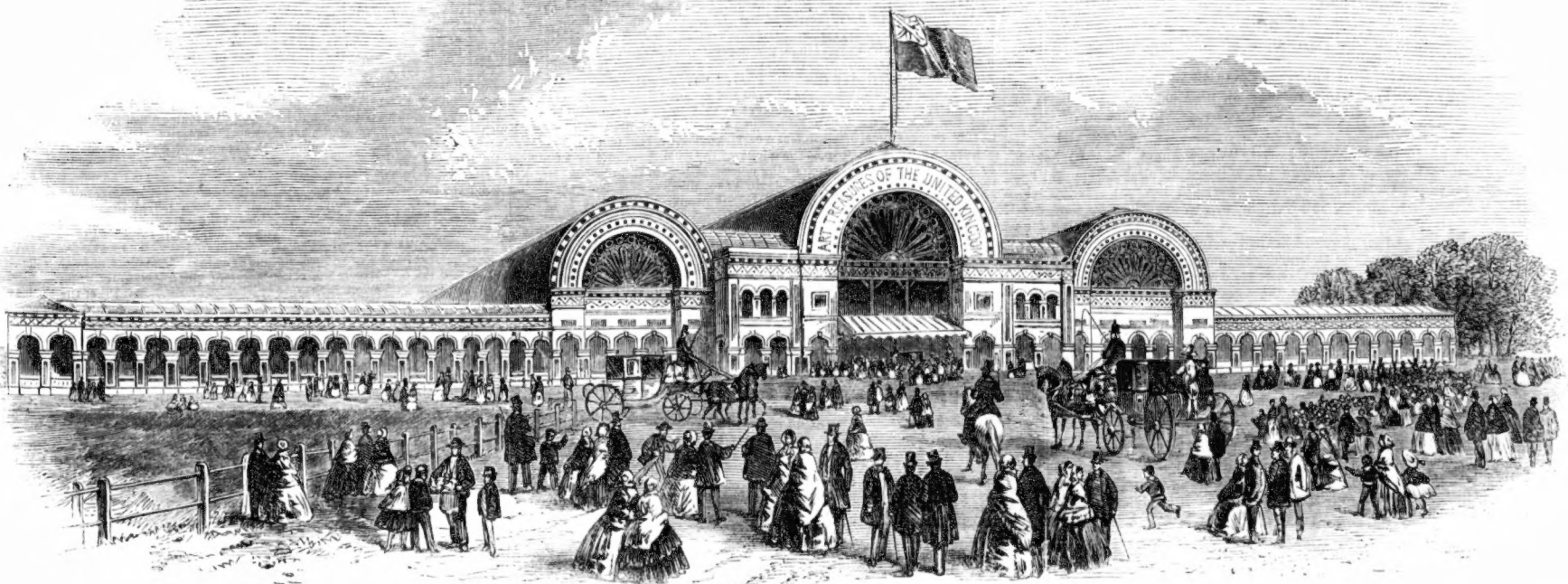
THE INFANT DON BALTHASAR CARLOS OF SPAIN.

(FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ, IN THE GALLERY OF ANCIENT MASTERS AT THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.)

has assumed outward shape. It may be viewed from several distinct points—as a sign of the tendencies of the age, or as an instrument of public education, or simply as a scene of intellectual amusement common to very wide and various sections of the English people. Indeed, these are the only heads into which it is worth while to divide the discussion of the subject. Its political importance is slight enough; for, though certain timid people mix up political terms with everything, and hate to see a Prince Consort increasing his influence by heading the modern movement after science and art, the common sense of the country laughs at their apprehensions, and rather suspects their motives.

The most interesting of the points of view from which the Exhibition may be contemplated we take to be the educational one. It is such a contribution to the general knowledge of Art as has never before been made in this country, for it gathers into one spot pictures which a private individual (favoured with every advantage) would require whole years of his life to see. It will teach our artists much, and our public much; besides, the general moral impression conveyed by the accumulation of so many objects of beauty under one roof cannot fail to exert a powerful influence on the public culture. Without overrating the effect of such exhibitions, it is but justice to recognise them as agents in the work of refinement and civilisation. After all, though artistic feeling and even talent is found sometimes in odd juxtaposition with other qualities, low and bad natures and habits are amended partially by glimpses of a higher and purer world of life. Buiwer has cleverly and truly observed that a student of Landseer could not go away from his pictures and ill-treat a dog; and this is just the kind of way in which Art works. The portraits of the beautiful and generous, the stately and wise, cannot be contemplated without some improving emotion. Religious art is part of religion—historical art teaches some of the lessons of history—and a contemplation of the beautiful generally softens the manners. We want all we can get in this way in an age of hard work, fierce competition, and much greed—an age at once apt to disparage other ages, and yet secretly dissatisfied with itself. To be sure, the effects produced by Art are not so readily visible in the character of a people as those produced by some other powers; but we are not on that account to undervalue them, much less deny their existence.

Without attempting to treat of the Ex-



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER

bhibition in any detail, we may here express our high approval of the fact, that portraits form so prominent a part of it, and that due attention has been given to their historical grouping. There is a general complaint of the poverty of our modern biography—that branch of history which is beyond all others delightful and instructive when rightly executed. Well—a portrait is often half a biography in its way, and a batch of portraits gives the characters of an age more vividly than many a book. They stimulate the curiosity of the student; and sincerely do we wish to see that National Portrait Gallery established which was suggested by the genius of Carlyle, and has been advocated in the House of Peers by Lord Stanhope. Rich in historical monuments, we have been wanting of late in the historical spirit, and the Manchester Exhibition will help to revive it among us.

Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to know that the ceremony of the inauguration has gone off so well. The addresses were in good taste; the replies of the Prince showed that he thoroughly knew and felt just the real significance of the occasion (this, by the way, being by no means a common characteristic of such formal speeches); and, as far as we can yet judge, the prospects of ultimate success are good. At the same time, let nobody be too confident. The British people are only beginning to feel enthusiasm for such displays as yet; and whether complete success, in a commercial point of view, may be expected for the Exhibition, is still a point on which two different opinions may—and do—prevail. We have sufficiently indicated that our good wishes are with the Exhibition; and to prove it further, we may give the directors and Manchester people a little good advice. Let them remember that the *universality* of interest which belonged to the Great Exhibition of '51 cannot be expected to be shared by this present one, for various good—and some obvious—reasons. Whether people, then, visit the Manchester Exhibition in very great numbers, or no, will much depend on the way in which they know visitors to be treated by the town, and on the way in which they know the Exhibition itself to be conducted. We do not, of course, mean that dissatisfaction is likely to be excited on either point; but the Manchester men are men of business, and will take the hint in good part.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

LETTERS from Paris chiefly report the sayings and doings of the Grand Duke Constantine, who, though he is treated with great distinction by the Emperor and his friends, seems to have been not over cordially received by the people.

The French Government, says the "Patrie," is about to send several more vessels to China, and among them the steam-frigate *Audacieuse*, now belonging to the Mediterranean squadron. The *Audacieuse* will be the largest French steamer that has yet been seen in the India or China seas. Each of the ships of the new squadron will carry out 1000 infantry. The "Pays" adds, that Baron Gros, a diplomatist of great experience, is to proceed to China, with the title of envoy extraordinary, and that he will go out in the *Audacieuse*.

The Court of the Tuileries has gone into mourning for the death of the Duchess of Gloucester.

The Minister of the Interior has ordered the suppression of the *visa* of passports for all travellers, without exception, coming from England through the port of Calais, having for their destination either Paris, or Belgium and Germany.

Prince Napoleon has left Paris on a visit to Berlin.

SPAIN.

THE majority in the new Parliament is favourable to the Government. Some republicans have been arrested at Malaga. The Captain-General of Malaga establishes the state of siege in all the towns of the province. The preamble of the decree states that this measure has become necessary in consequence "of the enemies of the Queen and of public tranquillity having prepared to raise the standard of revolt, and to spread alarm, consternation, and mourning among the population."

The Mexican difficulty seems to promise a peaceful solution.

AUSTRIA.

THE following passage in an address of the Hungarian Protestants to the Emperor is said to have given great offence:—

"It cannot have escaped your Majesty's attention that the most salutary laws, if based on resolutions taken by Government, instead of being the emanations of the religious convictions of the Protestant confessions, are far from producing a tranquillising effect. On the contrary, they create alarm, inasmuch as they shake principles which are based on the independence that is secured (geschert) by the Protestant canons. The feeling of our independence—which independence is secured by law, and by treaties of peace guaranteed by foreign States—induces us to hope that the settlement of our (spiritual) affairs will be left to ourselves."

The "treaties of peace guaranteed by foreign States" is probably an allusion to the "Sathman peace" (1715), in which, as is said, England and Holland guaranteed the rights of the Hungarian Protestants.

PRUSSIA AND SWITZERLAND.

THE Neuchâtel question, of which the world is by this time tired, remains unsettled at the time we go to press. The rumours which surround it are numerous enough; but these are of so contradictory a character that we prefer to pass them over.

Colonel Denzler, commanding the republican troops, and a member of the Grand Council of Neuchâtel, has published a letter addressed by him to the Cantonal Government, blaming the acceptance of any treaty without consulting the Grand Council. The Colonel expresses a hope that the people and Grand Council of Neuchâtel will declare themselves against the rumoured treaty (of which we gave the heads last week), to which he considers the *status quo* preferable.

RUSSIA.

THE prohibition of the exportation of gold from Russia has been raised.

The government has just published the treaty of commerce and navigation with Japan. The treaty consists of nine articles. The ports of Simoda, Hakodada, and Nangasaki are thrown open to commerce.

ITALY.

ACCORDING to the "Military Gazette" of Piedmont, the camp, which was to have been formed at Alessandria, will not be established; but "it appears to be certain that the troops belonging to the garrisons of Turin, Genoa, Alessandria, Novara, and Vercelli, will be assembled for some field manoeuvres."

There has been a violent debate in the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, on a bill for transferring the marine establishment of the kingdom of Sardinia to La Spezia. Count de Cavour showed that the fears entertained by some Members that the project was secretly recommended by a foreign Power (meaning England), with a view to seizing the place afterwards, and converting it into a second Gibraltar, were utterly devoid of foundation, and that England, although she did not oppose the project, was far from being partial to it. How could she expect to take possession of La Spezia without a sanguinary war with all the European Powers, among whom France would stand foremost, since she would consider Toulon menaced? General Marmora also denied that the Sardinian Government had any such gigantic plans in view as were entertained by Napoleon I., with regard to the naval use that might be made of the Bay of Spezia. While Napoleon thought of turning the whole enclosed sheet of water, with the surrounding coast, into one vast establishment for aggressive naval warfare, the plan of the Sardinian Government went no further than to utilise the natural protection enjoyed by the innermost corner of the bay.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

A SHIP belonging to Tripoli, having forty-five slaves on board, was recently seized at Tchemé, on the demand of the British Consul-General. The Municipal Council of Smyrna ordered that the slaves should be set at liberty.

Ismail Pacha, commanding the army of Anatolia, is removed to the command of the army in Arabistan.

The Turkish Government has published a series of regulations, by which the monopoly of all books already printed is abolished, each person being at full liberty to publish for the future such works as he may think fit, provided they do not offend morality or the laws.

The "Journal de Constantinople" states that all the tribes of the Caucasus have acknowledged the authority of Schamyl, are preparing to break the truce concluded with Russia at the time of the Eastern war, and will unite with the Circassians in a general attack of the Russian lines.

The squadron of Admiral Lyons arrived off Malta on the 23rd ult. It entered the port of La Valetta with great ceremony, and a banquet was to be given to the Admiral on the 28th.

AMERICA.

THE Commissioner sent to New Granada by the United States to negotiate a settlement of the difficulties springing out of the Panama massacre of the 15th of April, 1856, and out of certain recent tonnage and postage laws of New Granada, was unsuccessful. Diplomatic relations have therefore been suspended with the Granadan Government. The British and foreign ministers at Washington have been informed of an intended demonstration by the American Government.

Lynch law seems to be coming into force again in the Western States. On the 11th of April, Eli Gifford, a half breed, was hung by a mob in Jefferson County, Iowa, for killing John Ingalls. On the same day a mob at Bellevue, Iowa, forcibly entered the jail there, and taking a prisoner, charged him with murder and counterfeiting, and hung him. Great excitement prevails in the vicinity.

The destruction of a great part of Lockridge's filibuster force on the river San Juan by the explosion on board the steamer *Scott*, has been reported. Sixteen or seventeen men were killed by the explosion, and twenty-five or thirty wounded.

Havannah advices of the 14th April say that an attempt was made to murder William Sydney Smith, the British Consul, owing to his exposure of the slave traffic, which had caused a great deal of excitement.

THE WAR WITH PERSIA.

MOHAMMORAH was captured by the British on the 26th of March. The enemy lost 200 killed and wounded, among whom was Asherluf Brigadier, besides seventeen guns, and a vast amount of ammunition and military stores. The Persian army, under the Shah Zadah, retreated towards Ahwaz and Shuster in great disorder. The British forces are encamped near Mohammorah. Our loss in killed and wounded is about ten.

A further telegraphic despatch received from Sir James Outram, says:—"The flying expedition to Ahwaz returned to Mohammorah on the 4th inst. (April) completely successful. The large Persian army retired from their position, and retreated rapidly towards Dizful before a British force not 400 strong. One gun was captured, and extensive military stores were seized and destroyed."

The Arab tribes are friendly, and are sending in their submission.

At the date of March 21st, the news of the peace between Persia and England was not known at Teheran.

THE RIF PIRATES.—Another outrage has, it appears, been committed by the pirates of the Rif. On the 27th of March the Moors intimated that they had a boat-load of poultry and provisions for sale, and four Spanish sailors and an interpreter went from a vessel to purchase; but no sooner had they landed than a discharge of musketry was made by a party placed in ambush, and the sailors were all more or less wounded, and taken prisoner.

A MIRAGE.—A curious phenomenon of mirage was witnessed on the morning of the 8th, at Simand, near Arad, in Hungary, when St. Martin, a village three miles distant, became distinctly visible to the astonished inhabitants of the former place; so distinctly, indeed, that not only the houses, but also the people walking in the streets, could be distinguished, all of colossal size. The inscriptions on the tombstone of the Jewish cemetery were perfectly legible. The apparition lasted about thirty-five minutes, and then faded away. The ignorant multitude interpreted it as a sign of the end of the world, which they confidently expect to take place on the 13th of June.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—We have the following anecdote from Piedmont:—"A few days ago a prisoner in our penitentiary died. One of his companions being desirous of exchanging the confined air of the cell for the purer atmosphere of the fields, resolved to purchase liberty by substituting himself for the deceased. He accordingly secreted the body under the straw, and occupied its place. His stratagem was very near succeeding, for he was carried out of the cell in due form, and had a fair chance of effecting his escape, when he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, at which the men who were carrying him ran away in a fright; but the turnkeys who witnessed the scene were less superstitious, and took him back to his prison."

IRELAND.

PROTESTANTISM IN IRELAND.—The Dublin Protestant Association has met with a rebuff from the Lord-Lieutenant. They presented a memorial to him, complaining of outrages against the Protestants during the late elections. But they went further: they said they had observed "with intense pain and indignation, that for a series of years past faithfulness to Protestant principles has been looked upon as unworthy the countenance of the Executive authorities, especially in Ireland; and that the profession of principles avowedly hostile to the British Constitution has been a sure passport to Executive favour." The Executive, they said, "seems to have become a dead letter; while the lives of Protestants are placed in jeopardy, liberty of conscience outraged, the laws violated, and truth dishonoured." Lord Carlisle replied through Colonel Larcom. He said, that although he had never recognised this self-constituted Association, still, out of deference to its respectable members, he had given its representations due consideration. In future, he would adopt a different course. "As, for the first time within his recollection, he has in the office which he holds under her Majesty, in common with his predecessors and official colleagues, been exposed to remarks of a highly disrespectful and disparaging character from an association of persons in no way authorised to address him in any collective capacity, he must henceforth decline to receive any further addresses or communications from the body styling itself the Dublin Protestant Association." The Association has rejoined; denying that it had any intention of using offensive language, and standing upon the rights of its members, "as citizens," to address the Lord-Lieutenant, as it had addressed the Queen, the Houses of Parliament, and the Secretaries of State. The Lord-Lieutenant consents to look upon this second address as "a withdrawal of the obnoxious imputations."

AMATEUR ENTHUSIASM.—During some private theatricals at Blackrock, a gentleman, well known in Dublin, volunteered to enact the part of Edgardo, in the "Lucia di Lammermoor" of Donizetti. The audience became entranced by this gentleman's rendering of the "Fra Peco;" but the nature of their excitement soon became changed, when the learned and gallant Edgardo plunged the weapon in his despairing bosom. The accident is said to have been caused by reason that the weapon was much longer than that generally used by the gentlemen in such personations, being in fact a carving-knife, instead of a stiletto.

ASSAULT ON A BISHOP.—The whole of Catholic Ireland has been horrified by an assault made by a mob in the village of Newtownforbes on Dr. Kidford, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ardagh. They dragged him from the seat of his car, and taunted him with alleged dishonest conduct in the late Longford election. One fellow attempted to strike him, but he was prevented and the mischief was confined to such exclamations and questions as—"The dirt has come through you!" "Who sold Longford?" "Where's White's money?" "So, the Bishop took the bribe!" &c. At length, he was suffered to depart. The priests have been at great pains to hush up the affair, as a scandal to their Church.

ROCKITE LITERATURE.—Last week Mr. Walsh, innkeeper, Freshford, received through the post-office a threatening notice, of which the following is a copy. The object was to deter him from prosecuting at the petty sessions the persons who had attacked him and injured his property during the election riots:—"We will stick close to your brush, Mr. Walsh, I am now giving you notice not to do what is in your mind; if you do, mark the end of it; you will be the sufferer; I will give you something else to think of: you are Bad, you will be worse, if you do this law the end of it."

MOR LAW IN THE QUEEN'S COUNTY.—This county is at present in rather an excited state. It arises from the dissatisfaction of tenants with sales of stock under distress for rent. On the 16th and 17th ult. the sales took place at the hours appointed, and when the purchasers went to remove their stock, they were met by mobs armed with pitchforks and sticks, and driven off the lands. The local magistrates were unable to afford protection. One of the purchasers at the sales in question is an American citizen, and threatens an immediate application to the United States Minister and Congress, should his property be longer detained by the rabble.

SCOTLAND.

COAL-PIT ACCIDENT.—William Beveridge and George Thomson have been sentenced to a month's imprisonment by the Ayr Sheriff Criminal Court, for having permitted Thomas and Robert Goodwin, colliers, to enter a coal-pit, which was a unsafe part of the Redburn coal-pit, near Kilmarnock, in which there was a quantity of inflammable gas, which exploded, and burnt them to death, so severely that he died two days after, and also seriously injured Robert Goodwin.

THE CROPS IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.—In the Lothians the autumn sown wheat is very late, but the colour is good, and the plant everywhere is healthy state. In Fife-hire the seed is all in the ground in good condition, and the young blaird is looking up well. Potato planting is nearly over, and a breadth of land is under this crop. Oats are largely sown, but barley shows the greatest increase in breadth of crop this year. From Stirling to Aberdeen this is the general character of the farming and the crops. In Aberdeenshire the increased breadth of oats has been sown; but the acreage of green crops and the feeding of cattle is much larger than that of any other crop. The end of wet weather has kept back farming operations; but, though late, the young plants are all looking well. In the higher districts of Banshire the land is still cold and bleak, and in the higher ranges of Aberdeenshire the mountains are yet covered with snow. In Morayshire, where the climate is mild and the soil very open, the wheat crop is in a very forward state, and everywhere looking well. In the districts to the north of this the spring operations are in advance of the central districts, and a great quantity of new land this year comes under the plough. In the north of Scotland generally, it may be said that the productive acreage will be increased this year about twenty-five per cent., while the crops continue to rise.

THE PROVINCES.

SHOCKING DEATH.—An old man, named Thomas Smith, who kept a turnpike near Barnstable, Devonshire, was recently seen by a man, passing the turnpike gate, with his clothes on fire. Instead of dismounting, the man rode to the town, a half-mile, to get assistance. When he returned, the lower portions of the poor old man's body were burnt to a cinder, but he was still alive. He was removed to the Barnstable Infirmary, and died a short time afterwards. Before his death he asked for his watch and some money, which he said he possessed, but they were nowhere to be found. He was subject to fits, and might have set himself on fire while suffering from one of them.

A FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.—A boiler exploded at the North Wheel Var Mine, Cornwall, yesterday week; it is thought, through the carelessness of the engine-man not attending to the feeding of the boiler. Of five men who were in the engine-room at the time, one was killed on the spot; two were severely scalded that they soon afterwards died; and the others were greatly injured. Pope, the man who was killed, was blown to a distance of seventy yards. The boiler-house was destroyed.

INGENUOUS ROBBERY AT LIVERPOOL.—A robbery after a plan successfully employed in London some time ago, has been perpetrated at Liverpool. Over the premises of Messrs. Duff and Nephew, jewellers in South Castle Street, is a range of offices. Some thieves got admission to these offices by means of false keys, and then bored a number of holes in the flooring immediately above the shop, and then with a small saw, cut a hole sufficiently large to admit the body of a man. The thieves then descended into the shop by means of a rope ladder, which they left behind them, and then helped themselves to watches, rings, chains, and other valuables, to the value of upwards of £1,000, and made their escape undetected.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE AT PRESTON.—Miss Mary Esther Pomfret is a dressmaker, residing at Preston; Robert Barlow is an engine-driver at Manchester, and paid his addresses to Miss Pomfret for upwards of three years. During this time he wrote, it is said, no fewer than seventy-nine letters breathing the most tender affection, but recently broke faith and married another young lady. The consequence was an action of breach of promise. In one of his letters the defendant stated that he was worth £600, and that he was in search of a public-house upon which he would invest the money, and then marry the plaintiff. The jury awarded for the plaintiff; damages, £50. The defendant did not appear in court.

ESCAPE OF PRISONERS FROM BRISTOL JAIL.—It was discovered on Monday that two prisoners had escaped from Bristol Jail. Their names are Joseph Stillman and George Part, both tried at the late Gloucestershire assizes, and sentenced, the former to fifteen years' transportation for a highway robbery, and the latter to twelve months' imprisonment for coining. The prisoners, who were in the infirmary of the jail, were seen safe in their beds at nine o'clock on Sunday evening, but on the sward going his rounds at four o'clock on the following morning, the men were missing. It was then found that they had supplied themselves with a number of worsted comforters, forming part of the wearing apparel of other prisoners, which they tied together, and having got outside the prison, threw the rope thus made over the boundary wall, climbed up, and then dropped outside, a distance of about eighteen feet. No traces being found of any of the locks of the prison having been picked or tampered with, the inference is that some of the officers of the jail must have been grossly negligent in the performance of their duties, or must have connived at the escape of the prisoners.

A THEATRICAL EVENT AT SHEFFIELD.—The pantomime of "Little Bo-Peep" was being performed at the Surrey Music Hall, Sheffield, on Saturday, when Mr. Leopold, the clown, came forward and accused the proprietor of attempting to "diddle" him out of the proceeds of a benefit, to the amount of £17. The audience were constituted a special jury to try the case, and after hearing both sides, decided against the proprietor, who consented at once to pay the money, which was thereupon handed to a friend of the plaintiff's.

THE BELLES' STRATAGEM.—There are more ways of eluding the vigilance of lynx-eyed guardians than by a ladder of ropes from a chamber window. About the middle of last week two young ladies and two gentlemen, all apparently in mourning, paid an early visit to a church in a quiet neighbourhood in Liverpool. On their entering the church the door was closed and locked, and the ladies—leaving the gentlemen to disencumber themselves of their overcoats and draw forth their white kid gloves—retired behind the pulpit, whence, having relieved each other of the habiliments of woe, they shortly emerged in full bridal attire. The object of their visit was now clear, and the clergyman, accompanied by a minor official, appearing from the vestry, they joined the metamorphosed mourners at the altar, when the nuptial ceremony was gone through. The gentlemen then resumed their overcoats; the ladies again retired to their impromptu robing-room, and, re-appearing in their mourning costume, the happy party left the church, looking as demure as though their visit had been for the purpose of inspecting a tablet erected to the memory of a defunct relative.

ADVENTURE IN A DRAW-WELL.—A hat was found at the brink of a well near Newcastle, last week, and certain finger marks on the interior sides of the well proved that a life or death struggle had taken place within it. The well was examined, but after some hours' labour the search was given up, without any certain results. So the matter rested till a pitman named Craven, having heard that an unclaimed hat was lying at the station-house, went there, and identified it as his property. He said that on the evening of Saturday week he was going home intoxicated, when he plumped suddenly overhead into a deep hole full of water. On coming to the surface he worked himself clear of the water by means of his feet and shoulders, and whilst in this position fell asleep several times, but awoke on finding himself slipping down again. How he got into the well—how long he remained in the perilous situation in which he represented himself to have been placed—and how he got out again, he was totally unable to remember; but this he did recollect, that he went over to Gateshead to some of his friends, wet, cold, and hungry, and minus his hat, coat, and two waistcoats.

EXPLOSION ON A RAILWAY.—At the Edge Hill Station of the London and North-Western Railway, on Tuesday, a luggage engine was awaiting the approach of some trucks which it was to carry up the line, when an explosion was heard, and it was seen that the engine was blown to pieces. The driver was killed on the spot; the fireman was dreadfully injured, and died shortly after; while a breakdown was so terribly scaled that his life was despaired of.

THE LUND HILL EXPLOSION.—The operations at the Lund Hill colliery are industriously pursued, but for various reasons do not advance very rapidly. Day by day, some few bodies are recovered from the pit; altogether, however, up to the time at which we go to press, they do not number more than fifty. Of these, a very small proportion have been recognised, and then, in most cases, at the time of the explosion from twenty to thirty persons were congregated at the bottom of the ventilating shaft. It has always been feared that the remains of the fire which broke out there, as they were exposed to the full vehemence of the debris which subsequently fell at the bottom of the shaft, but have not hitherto been able to discover any remains. It seems to be generally considered that the majority of the workmen were killed instantaneously, and were unable to leave the places where they were working. Several of the bodies recovered bear proof of this. One of them was found sitting down, as if the man had been in the act of eating his dinner when the explosion took place. The other had one arm raised and placed before his eyes, as if suddenly raised to protect them from the blast.

FATAL EXPLOSION AT WOLVERHAMPTON.—At the blast furnaces of Messrs. William Riley and Sons, Millfields, two miles from Wolverhampton, occurred on Tuesday afternoon an explosion of hydrogen gas, which caused the death of three persons, and it is thought, fatally injured three more; some other men are more or less hurt.

THE OUTRAGE ON THE "GRENADA."—Admiral Bruce, on hearing of the attack made on the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer *New Grenada* by the Peruvian revolutionary ships *Lon* and *Tumbes* (of which an account has been given in the "Illustrated Times") sent her Majesty's ship *Pearl* to seize them, and the *Bogets* on her way up to Panama met the *Pearl*, with the *Lon* and *Tumbes*, under steam, on their way to Callao.

THE OPENING OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION. (From our Special Correspondents.)

On Tuesday morning, Manchester was called at six. Men who for years had been accustomed to shave with boiling water, for once consented to lather their beards with ordinary pump produce. Delicate ladies made themselves ill for the day by breakfasting at eight. Barbers were hurrying about the town to dress the heads of the damsels, which, we understand, they finished off as rapidly as if they were heads of celery; and *modistes* carrying large parcels were running in every direction, to try on Madame's robe, or put a few finishing touches to Mademoiselle's eight-founced skirt.

Manchester is a loyal town. It loves its Queen to that extent that a bridge and an hotel have been named after her. Whenever anyone of Royal blood passes through the town, the Mayor turns out on the approach of the *cortège* with the alacrity of a turnpike-keeper. It will therefore be readily understood that, on the occasion of a visit from Prince Albert, no ceremony would be spared which might serve to impress his Royal Highness with the belief that Manchester was a staunch supporter of the throne, and that every member of its municipal corporation was worthy of the honour of knighthood.

Perhaps the first human beings who made their appearance on this eventful day, were those discovered at daybreak on the housetops, fastening to coping-stones and window-sills the immense poles from which the flags and banners were to wave and flutter. These little forms were seen against the gray morning sky scrambling along the parapets of the immense warehouses, and looking, from their height, no larger than cats. Before six o'clock, Union Jacks and Royal Standards, each large enough to have served as the curtain of a minor theatre, were dangling down, and filling up the open space of the streets so completely, that an unpoetic spectator might almost have imagined Britannia had suddenly determined upon sending all her flags to the wash, and that Manchester had contracted for the job. In Mosley Street, the cotton lords seemed to have vied with each other which should hang out the greatest quantity of bunting. It is wonderful how the patriotism of Manchester expresses itself in flags. Later in the day, the very carts in the streets began to hoist the British ensign. A coal-wagon crept majestically past with a Union Jack planted in the midst of its jet-black load, and the railway-parcels van trotted along with four magnificently-printed pocket handkerchiefs fluttering from the corners of its covered top. The omnibuses also were one blaze of loyalty, being adorned, like a Christmas tree, with countless banners, which flapped and fluttered in the wind as the vehicles rattled through the streets.

One incident of the day that deserves to be chronicled was when the city turn-cock proceeded to cleanse out the basins of the fountains in front of the Infirmary, previous to ascertaining if the jets were in the necessary order for doing honour to the festivities of the day. The crowd patiently watched the functionary as he tossed into the wind the pieces of orange-peel and other refuse which polluted the tanks. They followed him, passing from one basin to another, to see him leisurely unscure the mushroom-shaped heads of the iron pipes, and cleanse the little watering-pot nozzles that were to scatter the liquid into its captivating threads. At last everything was prepared for the trial, and the patience of the multitude was rewarded by seeing the frothing water spurt up for a few seconds in a feathery spray, which, aided by the breeze, drenched the crowd to the skin, and sent them scampering away with the same alacrity as a jug-full of water does a midnight assembly of cats.

Nine o'clock had hardly struck when the sound of distant bands made us spring up from the breakfast-table, to see what procession was about to pass. The Ancient Order of Foresters had petitioned to be permitted to join in the procession of the day, and already the members were in marching order, with a brass band at their head, vigorously blowing out tunes, which, although the long train turned corners and went down bye streets, left behind it a trail of national melodies that seemed to hang in the air like the smoke from a steamer chimney. The Odd-Fellows, too, carrying green banners, with moral precepts thereon written—as they deserve to be—in letters of gold, paraded the streets. The Foresters wore green scarfs, passed over one shoulder, and these being broad enough to conceal the greater portion of the body, gave them an appropriate sylvan appearance, and forcibly called to mind the merry greenwood, in whose shade the members of the ancient order are supposed to delight.

As the day advanced, the streets began to fill with people that took up their posts on every kerbstone, and stood, with their hands in their pockets, watching the carriages, broughams, and cabs, filled with gaily-dressed ticket holders bound for the Art-Treasures Exhibition, that rattled past. Every ready "to meet the times" the spirited proprietors of several beer-shops had mounted sign boards and transparencies, adorned with rough paintings of the Exhibition building, and "Art-Treasures" ale was announced at threepence per pot. The owner of a refreshment establishment had boldly assumed the title of "The Art Treasures Eating House," although the display in his shop sadly denied his adopted sign, for beyond a pyramid of oranges and the remnant of a pale ham, mounted on a tin pedestal, there was nothing in the window calculated to impress the passer by with a belief in the culinary wealth of the concern.

Already the hotel-keepers had taken advantage of the attraction of the Exhibition to double their prices on Tuesday; and the cabmen followed the good example. Never did coachmen drive so recklessly as they did on that day. The price to the building was five shillings; and the whip was kept in a constant flutter urging on the galloping nag, so as to get back again in time for fresh fares.

As we neared the Exhibition the roads became almost impassable with the crowds flocking there. Men and women hurried along, swinging their arms and wiping their faces, all evidently afraid of not getting a good place for seeing the Prince pass. Some carried with them baskets containing their dinners; others dragged their children after them, or bore them on their shoulders. At the corners of the roads, dealers in "nettle beer" and seed cakes had built up stalls, and a kind of fair was being held. Speculators in stands "to see the procession pass" were also rushing onwards, laden with boards and trestles.

As soon as we reached the Stretford Road, which is the grand thoroughfare to the Art-Treasures Palace, we found a treble line of carriages slowly creeping along at a walking pace, the horses being every now and then pulled up suddenly when a stoppage occurred in front, to the great danger of hind panels. We saw one or two bright, gaudily picked-out broughams with big holes in them as if a cannon-ball had been fired into the vehicle.

We took advantage of the slow pace at which we were travelling, to peep in at the carriage windows and make an especial study of bonnets. The milliners of Manchester ought to feel very greatly indebted to Mr. John C. Deane, who originated, and by his energy succeeded in organising the Exhibition, for on every lady's head was perched a bonnet with its white satin bows crisp and its artificial flowers elastic with excessive newness. We passed a very agreeable half hour in this manner, now admiring the prettiness of a face half smothered in soft blonde, now rivetting our gaze on a pair of eyes that sparkled out of the bow of violets that encircled and pleasantly harmonised with the dark-brown bands of shining hair. Most decidedly some very heavy outlays must have been made by the Manchester men, and nobody could blame them for it, after gazing at the result of their purchases.

Every house, as we neared Old Trafford, was crowded with lookers-on. On the leads, over the bow windows of the little villas, and over the walls of the small gardens in front, were heads piled up one above the other, watching the multitude in the road. Even houses to let had been placed in openings in the road, and in them were "loads" of men, women, and children, packed as closely as if they had been tied in a bundle. The omnibuses, too—those immense houses of vehicles, that will hold more persons than an Irish lodging-house—were drawn up by the road-side, the three horses dozing quietly, and for the moment caring nothing for the thirty "outsides" and seventeen "insides" whom they had dragged from Market Street.

Although our cab had been stopped by policemen, and backed into dangerous positions by enraged constables—although coachmen had risen from their boxes to shout at our driver as he darted in and out of the files of carriages—despite many perils from sudden concussions which forced the vehicle sideways—we at last arrived at the end of our journey, and,

trotting round the drive, kept clear by a line regiment, we drew up at the entrance door.

The Art-Treasures Palace is not a pretty building; indeed, it is too low, and as if further to decrease its height, the sides have been stretched out with offices not higher than a garden wall; so that the edifice appears to be crouching and lying at full length on the ground. It reminded us of a carriage repository or a railway goods shed. The centre nave and two side galleries form arches of such mean proportions, that although they would have made magnificent summer-houses or orangeries, they are certainly not worthy of a palace. Perhaps it is scarcely fair to blame Mr. Salomons, the architect, for the insignificant appearance of the building, and from all accounts the Executive Committee are the proper persons to find fault with; for by their interference and so-called improvements, they are said to have entirely changed the designs they at first approved of and adopted.

A very elegant room had been fitted up near the entrance to the building for the express accommodation of the Prince on his arrival. Crimson satin damask chairs, with pouting backs and seats, a table one mass of gilding, and velvet curtains most tastefully arranged, helped to compose an apartment in which, so far as we are concerned, we could very comfortably pass a few years of our life. In case his Royal Highness should, on his arrival, remember that he wanted to write a note to anybody, a gold inkstand, ornamented with malachite, had been placed on the table. With great foresight, too, arrangements had been made by which, if the Prince desired to arrange his hair, he had only to open a panel in the wall, and he would find before him a most delightful little dressing-room, fitted up with every convenience, from a tupid and lace-adorned *toilette* glass to brushes, combs, and a casket containing bottles of the most delicious scents.

Decidedly the inside of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition forms one of the prettiest sights it is possible to imagine. The embellishments and decorations have been designed and executed under the direction of Mr. Crace, and very contented he must feel with the beautiful result. The arched roof of the nave has a narrow strip of skylight running down the centre, and the remainder of the curve has been panelled off and painted a delicate blue-gray, bordered by thin red lines. All the iron work of the building, such as the iron pillars and the strong girders that span the roof, are of a dead green bronze colour, relieved by gilding. The gray roof has a peculiarly light and rising effect, which seems not only to give height to the building, but also to remove all notion of weight.

In the galleries on each side of the centre nave, collections of pictures have been arranged, the one containing specimens of the old masters, and the other examples of the English school of painting. Never again will the world have another opportunity of viewing so magnificent and vast a gallery of such perfect works of art as are now exhibited at Manchester. The nave has been entirely devoted to that portion of Art-Treasures which consist of manufactures wrought in metals, clays, ivories, woods, glass, &c.

Choice pieces of sculpture are placed in artistic groups and lines between the iron columns on each side of the nave, and towering above all are seen the forms of armed knights mounted on horseback. Perhaps the most interesting of the many wonders in the building is the collection of historical paintings arranged chronologically, which include portraits of most of the remarkable personages who have figured in the annals of England, from the time of Richard II. down to the first quarter of the present century.

We arrived at the building in such good time, that we had leisure to examine all these wonders.

The place soon began to fill fast. Already the chairs on each side of the passage carpeted with red cloth were filled with ladies, who formed a hedge of divinity fit for a prince. The men of authority were beginning to arrive. Deputy-lieutenants in gorgeous crimson uniforms, splashed and daubed with silver, came pouring in by shoals, looking, despite their cocked-hats, strangely unmartial in their spectacles; aldermen and common councilmen—some got up in purple robes, edged with "the slightest taste in life" of sable, others gorgeous in black velvet coats with a black silk bag hanging from their collars behind, like the watch pockets sometimes seen in four-post bedsteads; there were also lord mayors from every town in the neighbourhood, in bright scarlet dressing-gowns, and wearing three cornered-hats, like those that grace the heads of state coachmen.

The sensation created by the sudden appearance of Sir John Potter and about a dozen others, magnificently got up in white satin breeches and embroidered waistcoats, kept the amiable crowd in the greatest good-humour. We saw the wicked damsels in the light bonnets laugh till their eyes shut up into mere button-holes, as the plump legs in bright pink silk stockings sauntered along. Those calves ought to have been placed in one of the glass cases, and been catalogued as some of the treasures of the building.

Presently some still more extraordinary-looking individuals made their appearance, dressed up in wonderful uniforms, with cocked hats and swords and all the other fittings of court suits, and wearing on their bosoms numerous decorations, the stars being placed as close together as the watches in a watchmaker's window. These important personages seemed to know each other well, and bowed with great politeness to each other's ladies and families. Everybody instantly began to inquire who they were. Then it was discovered that the ambassadors had arrived. The short gentleman with a slightly turned-up nose was the Baron Van der Weyer, the Belgian minister, and a remarkably clever shrewd personage he appeared to be.

When the musicians, piled up in the gallery of an orchestra—behind the dais, where the State chair was placed—began to tune their instruments, the visitors, imagining that at last the proceedings of the day were really about to commence, chose out their places, and prepared to welcome the Prince. The galleries just over the dais were soon filled with a crowd of ladies, whose silk dresses enlivened the aspect of the building and made it look as gay as a mercer's shop window. The seats in the transept, too, filled rapidly. White bonnets, with rows of white roses resting on a cloud of lace—pink bonnets, with a trimming like that round a twelfth cake—violet ribbons, primrose bows, cerise strings, all fluttering and moving about, gave a delightful liveliness to the scene, which forced us to keep our opera-glass constantly raised to our eyes, as with a perfect focus we examined every pretty face in the building.

At last a lady in a black silk dress, with a lily-of-the-valley in her waist-band, stepped into the orchestra; and a whisper went round the building that Madame Clara Novello had arrived. We could hear the delightful *prima donna* as Mr. Hallé (the commander-in-chief of the army of fiddles and trumpets that were playing "God save the Queen") conducted her to her seat, complain that it was "a dreadful push coming in," and that "those policemen seemed too busy looking at the show to care for any thing else." Near the dais had been placed, to add to the picturesque effect of the scene, two lofty poles some forty feet in length, from which hung banners, and against one of these we took our stand, determined not to quit so favourable a post. From here we saw Mr. Sims Reeves, the celebrated tenor, arrive, and following him Mr. Weiss, the excellent basso profundo. From here we looked down upon the mantles covering the smooth shoulders near us, and wondered who it was that devised so many curious new patterns, some with buttons all over them, others with braid and fringe meandering over delicately tinted cloth, and others again of silk, all puckered up in front, like dahlia leaves, looking deliciously soft and crushable. We could also see and took much pleasure in watching the ambassadors and their doings; for it was very gratifying to have a quiet peep at these deep diplomatic rogues, who are always supposed to be serving their countries by deceiving each other. The ministers chatted together in a very friendly manner, and appeared to be very polite and sociable. There was Mr. Dallas, the ambassador for the United States, who had a magnificent head of silver-white hair flowing about his pink, stern face. Then there was the Baron Van der Weyer, whom we have before referred to. The third was the most extraordinary minister of the group, Baron Damier, from the court of the Emperor of Hayti—a good-tempered looking black gentleman, built like a Roman gladiator, and with teeth which, as he smiled, shone like pearl buttons. It was interesting to watch him as he approached the group among which Mr. Dallas was seated. The Yankee moved away from the negro, leaving M. Van der Weyer to talk to him. He then carefully kept his back turned to the representative from Hayti; and if ever he was forced to move his eyes in the direction of the man of colour, he gave him a kind of side-glance which was not in the least likely to cement the diplomatic friendship of the two countries.

Suddenly, whilst everybody was chatting very unconcernedly, a man was seen rushing up the crimson carpeting laid down along the centre of the nave. We all watched that swift messenger. We heard him, when he reached the orchestra, call out to Mr. Hallé, the conductor, "Begin when you see the red flag at the end," and then, although panting for breath, he turned round again and trotted nimbly back to the place whence he came.

Now we all rose up. At last, the Prince had arrived. Yes, the guns began to fire from somewhere behind the orchestra, so that at first we thought the big drum was doing a solo. Now the policemen in the centre of the nave moved excitedly up and down, the tops of their hats shining like metal as they tossed their heads about.

At last a red-flag was seen like a speck, scarcely larger than a poppy-leaf, moving about at the far end of the building, and then out burst the whole orchestra, and everybody rose up and took off their hats.

Then were a few red uniforms seen slowly advancing up the nave, and after a few seconds a hip, hip, hurrah! announced that the Prince had entered the building.

The Prince, surrounded by his suite, advanced to the dais, and then he stood with his face turned to the orchestra listening to the vocalists, who were singing "God save the Queen." I need not say that every lady who had an opera or eye-glass had her gaze fixed upon his Royal Highness's countenance.

The men in purple and scarlet dressing-gowns, as well as those in velvet coats and satin breeches, now gathered round the dais, and the plump pink silk stockings legs were placed in every possible attitude.

When the anthem had finished, a tall gentleman with a pink bald head advanced to the state chair, and began to read something from a paper he held in his hand.

"Who's that? who's that?" asked everybody.

It was Lord Overstone, the President of the General Council, who read an address, in which he begged to tender his Royal Highness the sincere condolence of the Executive Committee on the event of the death of the Duchess of Gloucester.

Somebody called out "Hush, hush!" and made more noise than anybody else, asking everybody, who were just then extremely silent, to listen to the reply of Prince Albert, who spoke in so low a voice that not one word could be heard.

We afterwards learned that the Prince read these singular words from the reply he held in his hand:—

"In the Duchess of Gloucester, we have all lost, not only the last of the children of that good King who occupied the throne during sixty years, and carried this country fearlessly and successfully through the most momentous struggles of its history," &c. &c.

We are forced to disagree with this portion of the Royal reply, and to assert that poor George the Third was of weak mind, and never carried the country through anything.

The next address was presented by Mr. Fairbairn, the chairman of the Executive Committee; and he was such a long time reading it, that everybody began to cough and move about restlessly on their seats. But Mr. Fairbairn was nevertheless behaving himself with perfect propriety. He was telling the Prince how the first suggestion of the Art-Treasures Exhibition was submitted by Mr. John C. Deane (the General Commissioner of the Exhibition) to an influential meeting of Manchester gentlemen, on the 26th of March, 1856, and how the scheme was favourably received and determined upon. Then his Royal Highness was told how, without any public appeal, without even a local canvass, contributions to a guarantee fund, amounting to not less than £74,000, were raised in the city within a period of three weeks; then the speaker told the entire history of the building. He referred to the assistance that had been rendered by the gentlemen connected with the undertaking—referring, of course, to Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Egg, &c.; and concluded by expressing a hope that a national usefulness would result from the educational direction which it had been endeavoured to impart to the whole scheme.

The Prince, in his reply, congratulated the company generally on the feast which the rich had set before those to whom the higher luxuries of fortune are denied, "bringing forth from the innermost recesses of their private dwellings their choicest and most cherished treasures," and entrusting them to the care of this committee in order to gratify the nation at large. The Prince then went on to say:—

"This is a gratifying sight, and blessed is the country in which it is witnessed. You have done well not to aim at a mere accumulation of works of art and objects of general interest, but to give to your collection, by a scientific and historical arrangement, an educational character,—thus not losing the opportunity of teaching the mind as well as gratifying the senses; and manifold are the lessons which it will present to us! If art is the purest expression of the state of mental and religious culture and of general civilisation of any age or people, an historical and chronological review given at one glance cannot fail to impress us with a just appreciation of the peculiar characteristics of the different periods and countries the works of which are here exhibited to us, and of the influence which they have exercised upon each other. In comparing these works with those of our own age and country, while we may well be proud of the immense development of knowledge and power of production which we possess, we have reason also for humility in contemplating the refinement of feeling and intensity of thought manifested in the works of the older schools."

The reply of the Prince Consort being concluded, the Bishop of Manchester stepped forward and offered up a very beautiful prayer, which was delivered in a loud, clear voice. This prayer, despite its great length, was highly appreciated by the multitude. We were sorry, however, to notice several of the Common Council, in violet robes, yawn and betray signs of impatience.

We have also to complain of the mayor of somewhere—we think it must be Dublin—who first of all turned a remarkably broad back upon the Prince; and then, as if that breach of etiquette was not sufficient, stooped down to pick up a glove he had dropped, placing himself by so doing in an attitude which, although appropriate to the game of leap frog, is seldom indulged in when standing in the presence of a Royal Highness.

The music now commenced, and very beautifully the band did its work. The Prince paid great attention to the performance, beating time with his foot, and occasionally with his head. When the *morceau* was concluded, his Royal Highness turned towards the singers, and gave them a half-concealed acknowledgment of the pleasure they had afforded him by a graceful smile and inclination of the head, which sent the blood rushing up into Madame Clara Novello's cheeks from delight and pride.

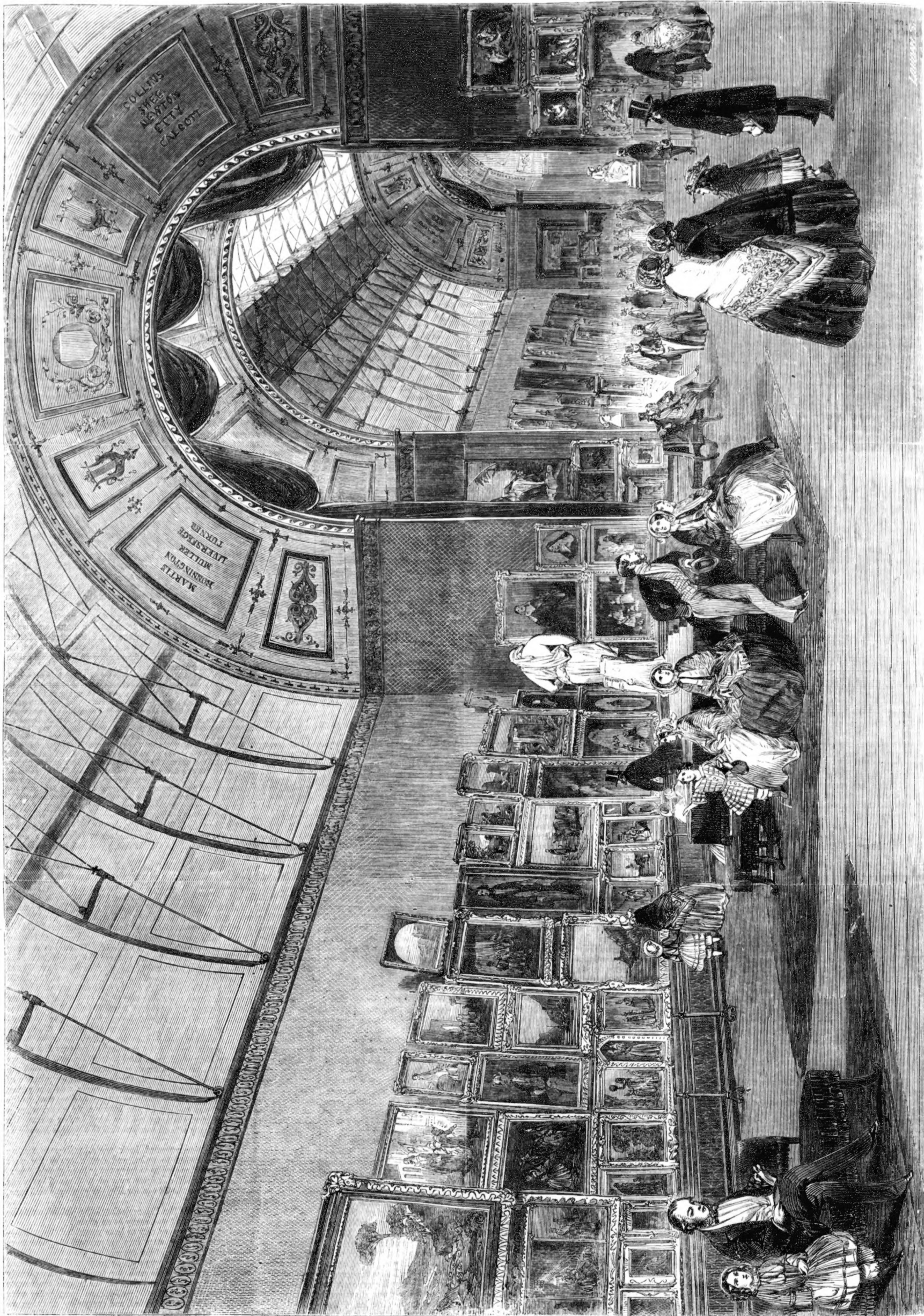
Before the Prince declared the Exhibition to be opened, a procession was marshalled in the same order as that in which it had entered, and his Royal Highness walked round the Palace, through the Gallery of Ancient Masters, and then, crossing the nave, returned by the Gallery of Modern Painters. During his absence in this little promenade, the crowd began to grow unruly, and several ladies boldly advanced to the very foot of the dais, and there took up their stand in a most determined and rebellious manner. Whilst we could trace the progress of the Prince through the building by the cheers which followed him, this unwarrantable invasion of the dais by the ladies did not so much matter. There was one young damsel, in a light blue striped silk, with a very attractive face, who, in the most collected manner, was making for the Royal state chair, when a pious-looking gentleman most kindly tugged her back by her skirt. We blushed for her! She actually seemed annoyed that this serious friend had interfered with her.

Presently, as the procession returned back again, policemen ran up waving their arms to the crowd to retire, and imploring by the most pathetic pantomime the rebellious ladies to leave the path open and clear.

The maiden in the blue striped silk dress resisted to the last, but when within an inch of being sent to the Tower for life, she prudently fell back, pouting and frowning.

With a wave of his cocked hat the Prince declared the Exhibition to be opened, and in a moment opened it was, easily as an oyster.

Everybody wished it had been as easy to have persuaded the police—attentive and considerate as they were in other matters—to have more mercy on the half-starved audience, than merely to open one half of a folding-door, as a sufficient space through which to permit 6,000 persons to enter the refreshment rooms. This rush for food took place directly the Prince had quitted the body of the Palace for the private apartments prepared for him. Through this narrow, half-opened door, ladies were pushed by the pressure of the crowd behind, and every now and then we could hear the sad sound of a tearing skirt, accompanied by the still more sad groan of the lovely and accomplished wearer.



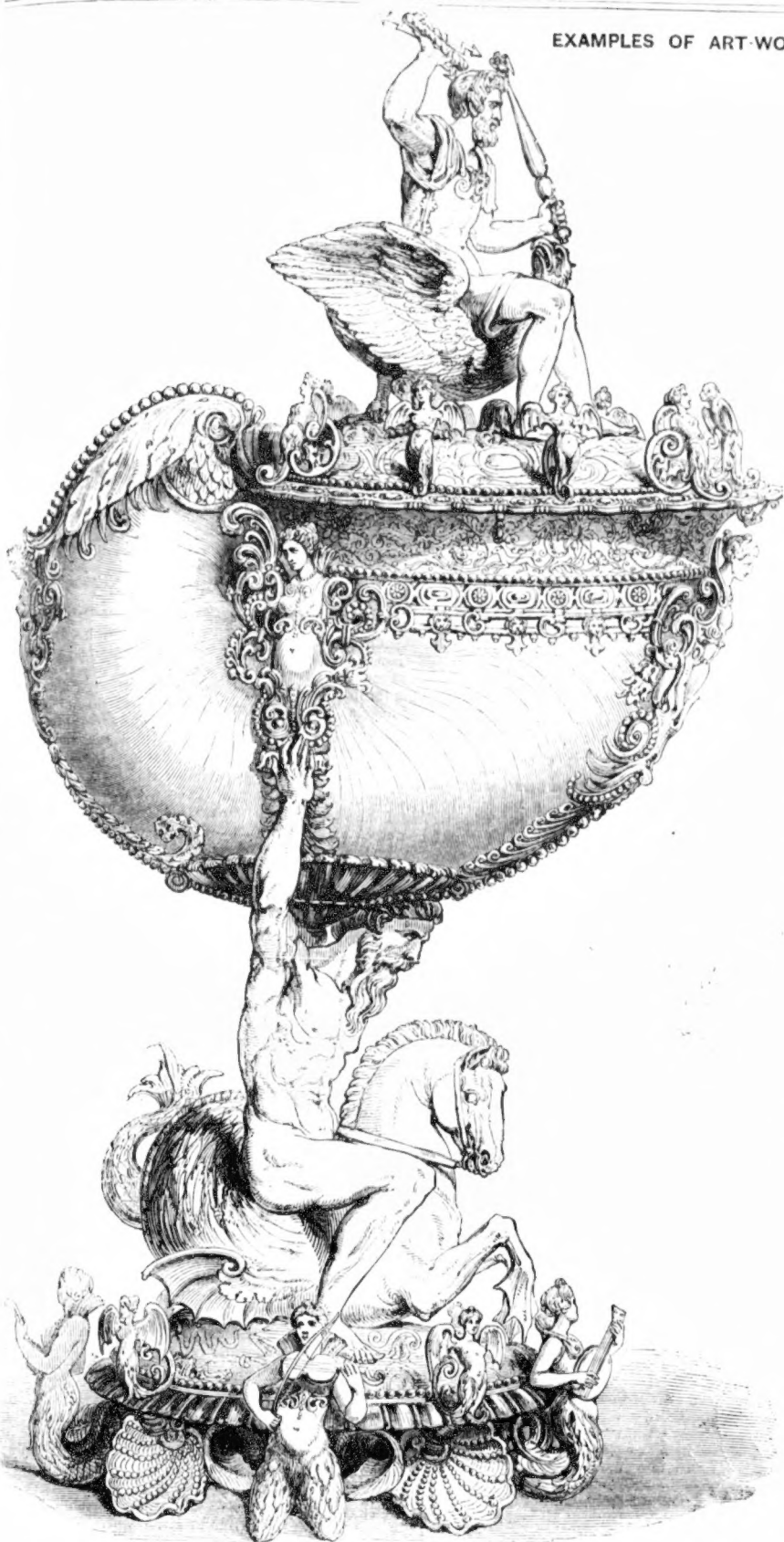
THE GALLERY OF MODERN PAINTINGS AT THE ART TREASURES EXHIBITION—AS SEEN FROM A POINT NEARBY BY DE LA MOTTE.

EXAMPLES OF ART-WORKMANSHIP FROM THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

From among the countless objects of art-workmanship of the Medieval and Renaissance periods which are this week displayed to public view at the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, we have engraved a few examples of extreme beauty, to which we invite the reader's attention. The very beautiful Nautilus cup, belonging to her Majesty, with its boldly designed figures and elaborate ornamentation, is an admirable specimen of the Renaissance style of art during its palmiest period, when the union of good models of the human form, with a free and perfectly tasteful though somewhat profuse character of ornament was complete. The figure of Neptune that forms the stem is full of energy, and its adaptation to the required purpose shows a good deal of inventive skill. The figure of Jupiter, though certainly inferior, is finely modelled. The nereids, and various marine accessories, are gracefully enough combined with the general ornamental details; and altogether this fine work of art is worthy the place of honour which is assigned to it among those choice productions in the precious metals which occupy one particular case in the Art-Treasures Exhibition building. In the Gothic Monstrance, which is about a couple of centuries earlier in date than the Nautilus cup, we find none of that florid elaboration of details which the latter work displays, but a chasteness of ornamentation, which, although of a confirmed architectural character, may nevertheless be styled exquisite. It was certainly produced at a period when the art of working in the precious metals was in a high state of perfection, and most likely at that era when the taste for fine examples of art-workmanship was gradually spreading among the wealthier classes, and when kings deigned to half ruin themselves by their extravagant purchases of gold and silver plate.

The vase of Palissy ware, from the collection of Sir Anthony Rothschild, is bold in design, graceful in form, and effective, yet chaste, in colour. Everyone knows that this ware takes its name from Bernard of Palissy, who, on being shown an enamelled earthenware vessel, turned from his profession of surveyor and glass painter (a curious combination of pursuits, which we can hardly reconcile in these days) to try and discover a white enamel with which to cover pottery. Though he never attained his aim, he yet succeeded, after some fifteen years of intense labour and constant sacrifice, in discovering a kind of enamel imitative of jasper, which he eventually adapted to earthenware objects in relief. He afterwards produced what he styled rustic pieces, these being vessels with representations of fruit, plants, fishes, insects, and reptiles upon them, in relief and in their natural colours. Palissy, though he enjoyed the patronage and protection of the Court of France, nevertheless fell a victim to religious intolerance, and died in prison in the year 1589, where he was confined on account of his devotion to Huguenot principles.

Of a later period than the Palissy ware, but of equal beauty, and as much



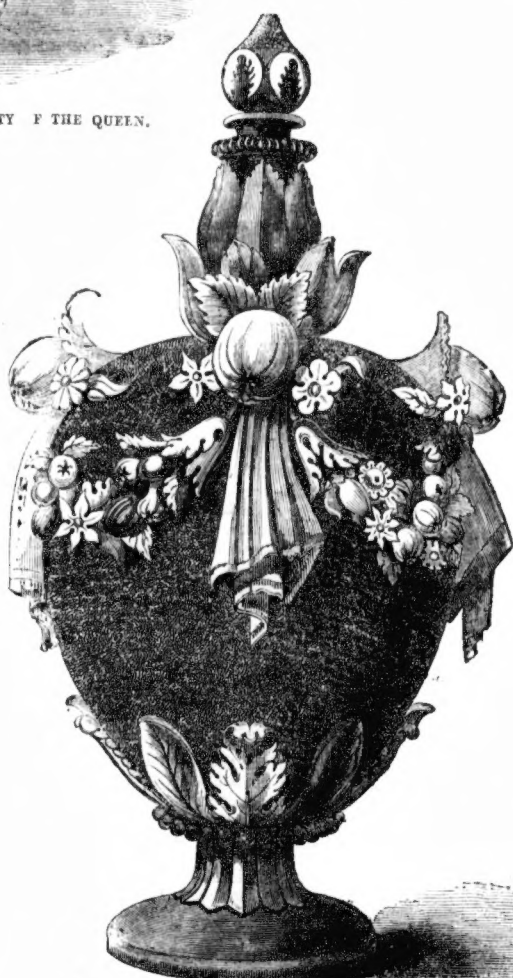
NAUTILUS SHELL, MOUNTED IN SILVER GILT (17TH CENTURY), THE PROPERTY OF THE QUEEN.



A MONSTRANCE OF SILVER (15TH CENTURY), THE PROPERTY OF H. MAGNIAC, ESQ.



EWER OF NEVERS WARE (17TH CENTURY), THE PROPERTY OF FELIX SLADE, ESQ.



A VASE OF PALISSY WARE (16TH CENTURY), THE PROPERTY OF SIR ANTHONY ROTHSCHILD, BART.



AN EWER OF NEVERS WARE (17TH CENTURY), THE PROPERTY OF FELIX SLADE, ESQ.

ought after by collectors, is the far-famed ware of Nevers. The two examples we here present to our readers are of extreme beauty; the boldness and originality of form apparent in the one, and the classic elegance of the other, cannot be too highly commended. They are admirable specimens, and the only drawback which they possess arises from the fact that the floral patterns upon them have not been fixed by the agency of fire.

THE ART-TREASURES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

"In patient toil thy master is the bee;
In craft mechanical, the worm, that creeps
Through earth its tortuous way, may tutor thee;
In knowledge, couldst thou fathom all its depths,
All to the Seraph is already known;
But thine, oh, man! is Art, thine only and alone."—SCHILLER.

THIS shall be as faithful a description as our light will permit us to give of the most magnificent collection of the Treasures of Art that has ever been formed since the days of the Great Napoleon, when every revolutionary battalion re-entering Paris after a victorious campaign brought with it some priceless art gem, ravished from a conquered country—now a canvas by Raphael, and now a statue by Michael Angelo; now the Bull of Paul Potter, and now the Lions of St. Mark. The most enthusiastic of critics incurs no danger of using terms even of extravagant hyperbole in describing the Manchester Art-Palace. The four or five millions of pounds at which the collection in its aggregate is nominally rated, give but faint and shadowy statistics of its actual value. In truth, these treasures cannot be priced. If destroyed or injured, no man alive, however cunning in his craft, could replace them; and all the gold that was ever dug out of all the gold mines from Potosi to the Sacramento, from the Orut to Australia, could not compensate for their loss.

Our province, in dealing with the Exhibition of Art-Treasures at Manchester, now open to all the world, is not with princes or lords-lieutenant, mayors or sheriffs, distinguished guests or scientific deputations, processions, receptions, addresses, balls or concerts, orations or ovations to the great ones of the earth. To other pens has been assigned the task of chronicling the superb ceremonial by which the important event of last Tuesday was inaugurated. It falls to us to describe the interior of the casket in which all these gems, richest and rarest as they are, lie stored away for dazzled eyes to peer at; to describe it first as a whole—one blazing coronal of brilliant colour and immortal beauty; secondly in detail—taking each particular diamond, ruby, emerald of art sporting with the light in its facets, weighing its volume, noting every exquisite variety in the purity of its water, the sweetness of its tints, the sharpness of its outlines, the undying glory of its scintillating sheen.

With this mission, and with these resolves, therefore, we will proceed to give, in our first article, a rapid *resumé* of the general aspect of the Manchester Exhibition, reserving for future columns the consideration *in extenso* of the magnificent works there assembled—those pictured and sculptured morals that

"Charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart."

A brief pause, however, before we plunge into this ocean of intellectual beauty; but let that momentary breathing time be devoted to this:—To accord a sincere tribute of gratitude to the men whose devotion to art—whose utter unselfishness—whose munificent liberality—whose unwearied perseverance—whose inflexible, indomitable contempt for obstacles, and a will to vanquish them, have brought about the splendid consummation patent to us all in Old Trafford. Not only is the exhibition an honour to Manchester—an exemption for ever from the gibes and carplings of envious snarlers, who, in books like "Hard Times," ungenerously brand manufacturing towns as mere receptacles of money grubbers and gold spinners, caring for nothing save their millions and their mills, and tramping art beneath their feet, in their dogged pursuit of the too oft useless utilities; not only is it an honour to the Manchester men, who have come forward with heart, and hand, and purse to promote the good work; but it confers a most enviable distinction upon the art-loving of all parties, ranks, opinions—her most Gracious Majesty, as ever foremost; noblemen, artists, antiquarians, men of letters, who have vied with each other in eager emulation to render aid and assistance: the men of rank and wealth, by subscriptions and loans of their most cherished treasures of art; the men of mind, by working night and day—with pen, and tongue, and thought—to collect, and collate, and arrange, and classify, and reduce to admirable symmetry the *embarras des richesses*, the heterogeneous mass of chaotic treasures poured into the Manchester Exhibition in response to the appeal to the country. Long since a witty foreigner reported that the architect of the splendid charitable institutions of London appeared, from the exterior inscriptions, to be a certain Mr. "Voluntary Contributions." Were the humorous stranger to visit Manchester now, the Manchester men might show him with no small pride and pleasure a building—although no sculptured letters told the fact—which owed its existence, its triumphant progress and culminating success, and the luxuriance of wealth that was heaped up within its walls, to that same ubiquitous and untiring architect, "Voluntary Contributions."

GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

The first impression on entering the Art-Treasure Palace is one of agreeable disappointment; for it must be admitted that neither the exterior of the edifice itself, nor the approaches thereto, are calculated to impress the spectator very strongly in its favour. We grieve to record it, but the Manchester Exhibition in beauty of exterior is immeasurably inferior—not only to the palace in Hyde Park, and the palace at Sydenham, which rose like the phoenix from the ashes of the first, but it cannot be compared for comeliness, either to the palace of the Paris Exposition in 1854, or to that of the Dublin Exhibition. It is not so hideous as the Gorgon that, as we glean from engravings, reared its preposterous head in New York, and collapsed so miserably into the succursal of a showman's booth; but that is all we can say in its favour.

The barriers once passed, however, the sensation of agreeable disappointment to which we have alluded commences. The view on entering is splendid. The magnificent nave, with its two aisles, stretches out in an almost interminable vista of azure perspective, broken only by gently recurring bays, towards the transept. Here the dazzled eye rests for a moment on the Prince's dais; the senate of seats, the banners and trophies overshadowing the throne, while high above all towers the great oriel window of the coved roof. Though trusses and girders abound here—as in all examples of what we must in these days, we suppose, class as the "Exhibition" style of architecture, there are indications apparent of increased attention to symmetry and artistic feeling in their design. The proportions, too, seem nobler, and there is more of the picturesque, and less of the geometrically rigid, in the points of view.

It might be objected that long—prodigiously long—parallel lines appear to prevail both in the construction and in the contents of the galleries; and those who remember the almost enchanting variety of grouping in the Exhibition of 1851, will perhaps be inclined to quarrel with the Manchester Exhibition, as possessing a too formal and quaker-like regularity. There are no trees in the transept here; no Osler's crystal fountain, no Keith's silk trophy, no model of Liverpool, no monster lighthouse lantern glowing with prismatic hues, no gaily variegated banners even, hanging out over the mottoes of the countries exhibiting. Long lines of walls, columns, pictures, statues, and glass cases, all running in mathematical progression towards the horizon, almost frighten us with their geometrical correctness; but we must remember that we have, in this Palace of Art at Manchester, not a vast world's fair, not a gigantic curiosity shop, not an immense receptacle for all the odds and ends of the industry of the universe, from a hundred-horse-power engine to a set of chessmen fitting into a walnut shell, but simply a colossal picture and sculpture gallery, for the gold and silver plate, the specimens of glass and porcelain, and articles of art-furniture, &c., though beautiful in themselves, are but insignificant in so vast a whole.

Mr. Owen Jones made much noise in the æsthetic world in 1851 respecting the appropriate hues to be employed in the decoration of the interior of the Exhibition building. In spite of the control exercised by the Commissioners, Mr. Jones succeeded in producing a most satisfactory result. Mr. Crace, to whom has been confided the task of carrying out the decoration of the Manchester Exhibition, has been equally

fortunate, though following a totally different plan. The colour he has given to the metallic supports approximates to that of iron itself; but every salient point which seems to afford facilities for increased richness of decoration is enlivened with gilding. Altogether the combined effect of light and colour in the palace is very successful. The openings to the ante-galleries in the great hall consist of semi-circular arches (separated only by a slender pillar), and each only twelve feet wide. Over the heads of these arches one larger in dimensions rises for the purpose of coupling them; and in the central space is a dark green disc of circular form, circled by a wreath of laurel; the styles and panelling surrounding are tinted by a cream-colour and dark green, with mouldings following the classical designs of the Greek fret and the Greek key. The walls of the great hall are coloured in deep maroon, as a ground (and an excellent ground it affords) for Mr. Cunningham's gallery of English portraits, which range along either side of the hall. The panelling surface of the vaulted ceiling is coloured a warm gray; and, relieved as they are by other colours—red, vellum, cream-colour, bronze, and gilding—they give a most tasteful tone and colour to the whole interior. The side aisles or picture galleries have walls of a sage or tea-green tint below a dado in which a quiet maroon predominates, and the ceiling panels a warm gray. In the walls of the water-colour drawing galleries the colour is a blue-gray, or rather neutral tint; in the oriental court the colouring is brighter, but still sufficiently subdued not to interfere with the gorgeous tones of the myriad-coloured fabrics from the realms of burning Ind and "Araby the blest."

The pearls beyond price in painting are hung on the walls we have described. In the Great Hall a double line of masterpieces in sculpture forms a milky-way parallel to them. Against the walls again, below the pictures, are ranged the costly and unique specimens of mediæval furniture and articles of *œuvre* forming the Bernal and Soulaiges collections; while another double line pursues the course of the nave in the shape of glass cases, enclosing the rarest and most costly specimens of artistic work in bronze, ivory, gold and silver, plate-glass, and porce ain.

Let us briefly sum up the contents of the palace. The first division comprises the Works of the Ancient Masters on the south side of the building; it commences at the end of the south gallery, adjoining the transept, and proceeds in chronological order along the various saloons towards the grand entrance. The division is continued in another saloon, containing the magnificent contribution of the Marquis of Hertford. This part of the Exhibition is placed under the superintendence of George Scharf, jun., Esq., F.S.A. Next is the division containing the Works of Modern Masters, contained in three saloons and the intervening vestibules; and the arrangements connected with which have been entrusted to Augustus Egg, Esq., A.R.A.

The Gallery of British Portraits on each side of the central hall has been entirely collected and arranged by Peter Cunningham, Esq., F.S.A., who has also had the charge of arranging and editing the catalogue of the Exhibition. Mr. Cunningham has also collected and arranged the exquisite collection of historical miniatures in the south transept gallery.

The Museum of Ornamental Art occupies the central hall as far as the transepts, and comprises the mediæval wealth of the British Museum and of Marlborough House, as well as the far-famed Soulaiges collection. This department has been presided over and catalogued by J. B. Waring, Esq., assisted by Messrs. Redford, Dudley, and Chaffers. The Meyrick or Goodrich coat collection of Armoury extends nearly to the transept, and has been disposed under the advice of that *savant* in all matters mediæval, J. R. Planche, Esq.—author, archeologist, dramatist, poet, costumer, and herald.

Dr. Royle of the East India House has arranged the collection of Indian and Chinese Tapestry, &c., contributed by her Majesty, the East India Company, and many private individuals. As regards the Sculpture on each side of the central hall, it has been grouped by Mr. Dudley and Mr. Redford. The Water-colour Gallery, comprised in three rooms behind the orchestra, owe their arrangement to Edward Holmes, Esq., M.A. The Engravings in the transept galleries have also been arranged and catalogued by Mr. Holmes; and, finally, the striking collection of Photographs displayed on screens in the gallery over the north transept have been classified under the superintendence of Philip H. De la Motte, Esq.

Now, picture to yourself this mighty mausoleum, where thousands of the living gaze with reverent admiration upon the power of the illustrious dead. This is the Royal Tombstone of Art, and from the canvas start up names that send through you as sharp a thrill as when, treading on a worn stone in Windsor fane, you stoop and read that the heartless Harry or the headless Charles sleeps beneath. See, Titian painted your picture with his own right hand. You remember him; the grand old man with the massive beard, who dwelt in the Mocenigo Palace at Venice, and whose pencil, fallen on the floor, a king and emperor knelt to lift. Lo, that is Rubens's handiwork. Time was when there sat before that very canvas a grave, comely gentleman in black velvet, who was scholar and courtier, and the ambassador of kings, and rode with fifty gentlemen in his train; and yet was but a poor painter, after all. And yonder—prithce, look yonder—that painting owes its being to the *veracissima mano* of him who was petted by the Popes, adored by his scholars, flattered by kings, and fondled by beautiful women—of him who drew the Cartoons, who loved the Fornarina, who, handsome, rich, beloved, inspired, died in the very shadow of the purple—died too soon for friendship, but not for fame, and lay in state with his grand "Transfiguration" picture at his head, and the princes and prelates of the Eternal City round him. Sanzio d'Urbino painted that picture—Raphael, the divine, did it; and who would not forgive Manchester all its smoke, dirt, cotton, money dross, and chimney building, when it brings us face to face with those bright forms of a glory that shall never die?

Not in any way desiring to raise an illiberal objection or to censure without a cause, we cannot help expressing our astonishment that the men of letters, art, and taste—travelled men, intellectual men—who have co-operated in the management of the Art-Treasures, should have omitted so important an element in a picture gallery as a *salon carré*. Do the Art directors understand us? If they do not, let them consult Dr. Waagen of Berlin, M. de Nieuwerkerke of the Louvre, Paris, the Chevalier Trübshut of Vienna, or M. Bruni of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, as to the value of a *salon carré*. For the benefit of our less æsthetic readers, we may hint that in all the great museums of art in France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, there is always one apartment, one *sanctum sanctorum*, in which are grouped together, for once without distinction of school or period, the masterpieces of the collection, the special wonders of each world of art. Thus in the *salon carré* of the Louvre, there is in one square room the "Marriage of Cana" of Paul Veronese, the "Chapeau de Paille" of Rubens, the "Portrait of Himself" by Rembrandt, the "Belle Jardinière" of Raphael, and the "School" by Adrian Ostade. Thus, in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, there is one tiny room which is one blaze of Titians, Rembrandts, Raphaels, and Gerard Douws—Dutchmen and Italians all mingled, but all masterpieces. It had been well had the marshalls of the pictures at Manchester bethought themselves of the value of such a special space, where, at one view, the grandest things that have been done in art are manifest at once.

GALLERY OF THE ANCIENT MASTERS.

The saloons A, B, C of the left hand aisle contain one thousand and ninety-eight works by painters whom we are accustomed to call the "old masters," ranging chronologically from "an ancient fresco painting without a name," contributed by Mr. Wentworth Dilke, and from Cimabue, Duccio da Siena, Giotto, and Margaritone d'Arezzo to Titian, Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyke.

The contrast between the ancient and modern galleries of paintings is really extraordinary: in the last, all is light and brilliancy, sparkle and sunshine; in the first, all is dignified, solemn, almost melancholy. There is a breadth of light and colour among the moderns that dazzles and enchants; but the "dim religious light" of the ancients' gallery chastens, and elevates, and awes the sense.

Beginning our peregrinations in this part of the Exhibition at the transept end, we find ourselves at once in the midst of examples of the Byzantine school—a school that numbers among its modern disciples Mr. Herbert, the Academician, and Mr. Leighton, whose picture, "The Procession of the Painters," was purchased two years since by the Queen. Even earlier pictorial efforts are there, in the shape of an encaustic painting be-

longing to Sir M. W. Ridley, and an ancient painting, the property of the Earl of Pembroke, brought from the temple of Juno at Rome. There is a "Sadarium," surrounded by ten pictures relating to the legend of King Agbarus; a "Nativity," painted on cedar; and a "Death of St. Ephraim Syrus," stated probably to have been painted in the eleventh century. Missing over these quaint, angular, distorted, yet brilliantly-coloured pictures, and with our thoughts wandering back to the days of Constantine Porphyrogenitus and Anna Commena and Constantine Paleologus, the factions of the Hippodrome, the Varagian guards, and all the *fasti* of old Byzantium, we are unceremoniously reminded of the unsuccessful expedition against Petro-Paulovski, in the late war, and the coronation of the Emperor Alexander of Russia; our monitors being Prince Albert, who sends a painting of the Monastery of Solowetz, on the White Sea, executed in the fourteenth century (?), and Mr. C. Bradbury, who contributes a sample of the modern Russian school in the shape of an enamelled triptych of brass with a blue ground. In our opinion, this specimen of "modern Russian" might with greater propriety have been kept out of the Exhibition altogether. The Triptych is but one of those tinseley-looking "boges" which you may pick up for two roubles in the Gostinnoi Dvor at Moscow. Had we been aware that such *bric-à-brac* as this would have been acceptable in a collection of Art-Treasures, we should have been happy (personally) to place at the disposal of the Executive Committee a "modern Russian" *boge* in our possession—a Panagia; the virgin having *three hands*—the infant nearly as dark as Topsy; the figures surrounded by a silver nimbus as big as a pancake, the whole backed with block tin, and covered with pink flannel, with a "modern Russian" hook on the frame to hang it to the wall withal, and a modern Russian censor lamp with plated chains to swing before it.

There is here a magnificent triptych by Cimabue, belonging to Christ Church, Oxford, representing the Crucifixion, the Madonna and Child, and St. Francis receiving the *stigmata*. Don Silvestro Camaldolese, a fourteenth-century painter, is represented by a curious illumination of the "Birth of St. John," on parchment, and Christ Church College have also contributed a fine Giotto; a "Crucifixion," small, but beautifully painted, belonging to Lord Northwick.

And so on and on through an avenue of Peselli Pesellos, Filippino Lippi, Massaccio, Angelico da Fiesoles, Taddeo Bartolos, Buffalmacco, and Taddeo Gaddis, full of virgins and saints and children, galvanised every bone and muscle of their bodies, with east-iron draperies, and gold and silver wire for hair, loaded with jewels, surrounded by ridiculous backgrounds, with angels like *marionettes* sprawling on wet blankets of clouds, yet painted, some of them, with an exquisite sweetness and sanctity of expression, and intensity of devotional feeling, which our modern Byzantines strive in vain to copy—(not having, we are afraid, that within them which passeth show). Leaving these, and lingering for a moment on the transition period of Pietro Perugino (from whom there is a gem, the "Saviour and Four Saints," from the Rogers collection), and Baldassare Peruzzi (the authenticity of whose "Adoration of the Shepherds" in the Exhibition is, by the way, disputed by Dr. Waagen, who ascribes it to Prospero Fontana), we now come to the grand era of the Renaissance.

Lover of art, to the complexion of Manchester you must come. Never mind the smoke and soot, and the blacks that fly about the streets and hit you on the nose, sticking thereto like burrs. Pack up your portmanteau—come, even if you endure the slow agony of the abhorred "Parly" train; but come—for come you must, and shall. There are here more than thirty pictures, drawings, and studies by Raphael, the divine. Think of that, Master Brooke, and lick your artistic lips! Thirty Raphaels, and among them Lord Pembroke's famous "Madonna with the pink," an "Agony in the Garden," an "Incredulity of St. Thomas," a "Three Graces," a "Nativity," from Charles the First's collection, a "Madonna del Passaggio," and a "Portrait of Pope Julius II." Why, it is alone worth travelling 200 miles by express train to see the picture of the imperious pope who climbed up Michael Angelo's scaffolding in order to bully him, but came down swiftly with his pontifical tail between his sacerdotal legs; for lo! the no less imperious Michael Angelo, who had stronger lungs and a stronger temper, returned bullying for bullying, and beat the pope hollow.

Giulio Romano has four works here—the finest in our opinion, a circular Bacchanalian subject belonging to Christ Church, Oxford. There is a wonderfully hard dry, "Portrait of a Young Man," by Gian Bellini; and a magnificent "Baptism" by Battista Franco, belonging to the Duke of Newcastle.

Lover of art, to Manchester you *must* come, even if you have to pay half-a-guinea a night for your bed, and a guinea a day for your sitting-room, and half-a-crown a mouthful for your dinner. For Charles the Fifth's friend, Tiziano Vecelli, better known as Titian, has here three ten pictures. Here is the "Adoration of the Shepherds," that belonged to Charles I. Here, and note this well, is Titian's daughter (or mistress?) holding up a casket, of which there is a replication, but not so fine a one, in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. Yea, also and there is Titian's portrait of the sanguinary scourge of the Low Countries, the ruthless Alva; here is a Charles the Fifth's dog; here a luscious landscape sent from Buckingham Palace; a portrait of Ariosto, a portrait of Ignatius Loyola—(here is a chance for another Latter-day pamphlet on Jesuitism by Mr. Carlyle); a "Holy Family Reposing," from the Orleans Gallery; and an exquisitely-finished sketch for the renowned picture in the Escorial known as "La Gloria di Tiziano,"—the said sketch, be it known, was discovered in a gambling-house at Madrid, in 1808, and brought to England by Mr. Wallis.

Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Pordenone, Andrea del Sarto, Guido Reni, Francia, Annibale Caracci, Albani, Guercino, Parmigiano, Salvator Rosas, and Domenichino, call in vain for rapturous notice at our hands, for space we have none—at least for the present—in which to notice or be in raptures with them. So also are we compelled to defer, for a short time, our inspection of the ancient German school, extending from Lucas Cranach and Grünewald Aschaffenburg to Herri de Bles and Mabuse. So also must we adjourn till next week the eulogies we have in store for the three great magi of the Flemish school, Peter Paul Rubens, Anthony Vandyke, and Rembrandt van Rhy, whose noble works are among the greatest attractions even of this treasure-crowded gallery of the ancient masters.

THE GALLERY OF ENGLISH PAINTERS.

We could have spared the insignificant works here exhibited of the immediate predecessors of Hogarth, and would have preferred to make our first stand before the pictures of the "painter engraver and philosopher," who lived in Leicester Fields and died at Chiswick, and whose epitaph men of no less mark than Samuel Johnson and David Garrick vied to write. Here, ruddy, humorous, glowing, and glorious as ever, is the inimitable "March of the Guards towards Finchley"—the picture for painting which stolid German George, the King, said the "bainter" ought to be "bicketed"; and the engraving of which was, in revenge, dedicated by Hogarth to the King of Prussia. There is the "Southwark Fair" rampant in its roaring jollity, with that never-to-be-forgotten female-performer on the drum. From our genial English master we have likewise the perhaps matchless portrait (bar the Gevartius) of Captain Coram; a curious picture of St. James's Park, with a view of Rosamond's Pond and a quaint old brick building of the site of the present Buckingham Palace; then the famous "Heart of Hand" picture, which Walpole abused so fiercely, and which Hogarth threw down as a gauntlet of defiance to the champions of the old masters, and a defence of the theories propounded in his book on the "Line of Beauty." There is the dream-scene from Richard III., with Garrick as the crook-backed nephew-smotherer—this by Hogarth; and another Garrick as Richard on Bosworth Field, by Hogarth's staunch friend, Haym. The "Finchley" and the "Coram" pictures belong to the Foundling Hospital. Further on there are portraits by Jervas, Mr. Alexander Pope's friend, a very bad painter, who ought to have had a niche in the "Dunciad," and by Ramsay, a clever but obsolete artist. Then we leave the figure-painters for a brief space, and come to the solemn classical landscapes of Richard Wilson—honest Dick Wilson, whose soul was all among Niobes and Pæstum temples, and Macenian villas; but whose earthly clay had an irresistible tendency to muddle itself with Virginian tobacco and Thrase's entire—neglected Dick Wilson, who was so troubled with the perpetual lack of pence that vexeth public men, that he was obliged to piece the backs of his waistcoats with his own classic landscapes, and playing a game at cricket one day, in the excitement of the bowling

batting pulled off his coat, and displayed an elaborate Corinthian temple on his dorsal vertebrae.

Sir Joshua comes out in great force. How could he fail to do so when dukes and marquises and earls have poured their choicest family portraits into this vast reservoir, and when we remember that it was Sir Joshua's delightful mission to transmit to posterity the features of the noblest men and fairest dames of the Georgian era? The portraits of Sir Joshua are a crushing answer to those who love to quote the hackneyed and vulgar lines about "the tenth transmitter of a foolish face." Reynolds's high-born men and women are essentially gentlemen and ladies. There was an innate nobility in the painter—as in Vandyke, as in Lawrence, as now in John Watson Gordon—that led him to divine the nobility of his sitters. A common man would have made but a commonly beautiful woman of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire. In the canvas of Reynolds, Charles Fox's lovely electioneering agent—the Venus "Frail" (we mean no scandal) of her day; she whose smiles softened the grim asperities of Warren Hastings's trial; she who was as powerful on the hustings as in the boudoir; she who gave Sam House a kiss for a vote—is every inch a woman, but at the same time every inch a duchess. The gem of the Reynolds at Manchester is, in our opinion, that dear, delightful little picture of "Puck," which was sold to the late Samuel Rogers, and bought by Lord Fitzwilliam at Rogers's sale last year, for the enormous sum (it is but a cabinet picture) of nine hundred and eighty pounds sterling! We hope to return to this enchanting work ere long. Among the numerous Sir Joshuas in the gallery, we may mention a glorious composition of a girl sketching, belonging to Miss Burdett Coutts, which is enough to make all the girls in that admirable and charitable lady's school fall to sketching in pure emulation, and become first-rate artists immediately. Then there is a bewitching portrait of Miss Farren (afterwards Countess of Derby) as "Comedy"; there is the grand picture of the "Braidell Family" and a forcible head of Frank Barber, Doctor Johnson's black servant, contributed by Sir George Beaumont.

Beautiful, unlucky, betrayed Angelica Kauffman (whose romantic story furnished Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton with the plot of the "Lady of Lyons"—it has even been hinted that the Beaumont, the villain of the play, had a living prototype in Sir Joshua himself) has a shadowy presence in Manchester in a portrait of the "Fourth Duke of Gordon."

In this noble gallery, among other exquisite pictures by a master who rivalled Reynolds in portrait, and far excelled—nay, even defied—him in landscape there is a certain wonderful life-size full-length portrait of a "Master Buttolph," which is better known, and will be known to the end of time, as the "Blue Boy"; painted, Mr. Peter Cunningham tells us, to disprove the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the predominance of blue in a picture is incompatible with a good effect of colour. Of this picture we shall have to speak more fully at some future period.

Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Angelica—what dear old familiar names are these! Longingly, lingeringly pursuing our course through the rooms, names well remembered though less familiar seem echoed around us. Wright of Derby, sober and sage for the most part, but at times with a strange wildness in his touches; Mortimer, who drew the "Monsters in Love," and the "Monsters Reposing," is here with a portrait of himself; George Stubbs, the learned anatomist of the horse, sends (from the Elysian fields), through the medium of the Duke of Richmond, a fine picture of a lion and lioness; Lawrey Gilpin has "Horses in a storm;" stout Philip de Louthborough, erst a scene painter at Drury Lane Theatre, then a quack doctor, but always a grand painter, and nicknamed by Jack Bannister the actor, "Field Marshal Leatherbags," is represented by some landscapes, and a fine view of the sea-fight of the first of June; Zoffany, the genial Swiss, who loved England so much for the hospitality it afforded him during poverty and exile, that when he had acquired affluence and was at liberty to return to his native country, he refused to do so, saying that in England he had made his money, and in England he would spend it—there is a somewhat similar anecdote related, we rejoice to say, of the "Divine," the Queen of Song, Giulia Grisi—Zoffany is apparent in a remarkable portrait of Garrick (whose pictured similitudes abound here, by the way) in the old play of the "Farmer's Return;" Northcote, Opie (Peter Pindar's protégé, and the husband of the lady novelist); Singleton Copley, the "Young American Minner," the father of the semipiternally juvenile Lord Lyndhurst; George Morland, the Adrian Brouwer of English painting; poor James Barry, who gave Edmund Burke that scrambling dinner at his miserable den of a lodging in Soho, and putting a pair of tongs in his hand, bade him turn the steak while he went out to fetch a pot of porter; Bird, Smirke, Harlowe (the "Trial of Queen Katharine" or "Kemble Family"); Peter and Patrick Nasmyth, Stothard, Lawrence, and Raeburn, glow from their frames in ruddy tints made mellow by age like good port wine.

A patriarch, who yet lives (though nearly an octogenarian, we should imagine, by this time), James Ward, R.A., has a gigantic picture in one of the bays of the gallery—a picture that looks like some grand old fresco, fitted for the castle of a baron addicted to agricultural pursuits. This is the well-known "Bull, Cow, and Calf," painted in rivalry of "The Young Bull," by Paul Potter.

Time, usually so merciless, so unsparring, has been very good to the majority of these magnificent works. The "Southwark Fair" of Hogarth is somewhat, though not irretrievably, cracked; and many of Sir Joshua's pictures, especially in the flesh tints, show signs of that injudicious pottering with pigments to which it is known Reynolds was given, and which causes the liveliest anxiety among his admirers as to the future stability of his colours. But the greater number by far of the works of the deceased British masters have been improved, rather than injured, by age. The Gainsboroughs, especially, are in fine condition.

THE MODERN ENGLISH PICTURES.

The link between the present and the past is supplied by Turner, who in his chameleon varieties of style is as old as Claude or Poussin. As old? nay, we doubt not, older, if not as old as Apelles, and as young as the youngest pre-Raphaelite. There are very many splendid works by this colossal master in the Exhibition, including the "Wreck of the Minotaur," "Sunrise at the Mouth of the Thames," the "Meeting of the Waters," and a host of other pictures worth ten times their weight in gold. Next in note is William Etty (a prodigious favourite, and to some extent a protégé of the Manchester men), from whose voluptuous pencil we have the "Mercy Interceding for the Vanquished," the "Homeric Dame," "Ulysses and the Syrens," the "Storm," and a profusion of other pictures. There are some inimitable Wilkies, including "Blind Man's Buff," the "Card Players," and "Napoleon and Pope Pius." Collins, Hilton, Bonington, Calcott, Goodall, Frith, Egg, Cooke, Poole, Webster, Herbert, Edwin Landseer, Anthony, Eastlake, Elmore, Uwins, Pyne (in a lovely picture without a name), Mulready, Maclise (in his terrible Banquet scene in "Macbeth"), David Roberts, J. D. Harding, Sidney Cooper, Hart, Leslie, Lance, Allan, Harlstone, Creswick, and E. M. Ward (in the "Charlotte Corday"), Linnell, Miss Matrie, Mrs. Margaret, Clint, Gilbert, Pickersgill, are all adequately represented in this incomparable gallery.

The pre-Raphaelites are strong in their fantastic chromatic witchery of hair, and pore, and grass, and pollen, and petal, and grain of sand painting. From Mr. Holman Hunt, there are the "Idle Shepherd," the "Awakening Conscience," (of which we have much to say, had we but time to say it); the "Strayed Sheep;" and the lovely, thoughtful picture of "Claudio and Isabella." Mr. Millais charms all beholders with the "Autumn Leaves;" and Mr. Hughes is terribly true in the "Death of Chatterton."

The "Passage of the Borodino" and the "Castle of Ischia," by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.: do not those two titles, reader, give you an inkling of how gallantly the scene-painter of "Acis and Galatea" for Mr. Macready, holds his own in the modern picture-gallery at Manchester? The portrait of "Horace Vernet," by J. R. Herbert, R.A.: who does not remember that stern, faithful, almost painful portrait to that of poor Welby Pugin? And Horsley's "Madrigal," and Egg's "Nell Gwynne," and Frank Grant's "Lord John Russell," and O'Neill's "Naomi" are not these good works still fresh in the recollection of our readers?

"When shall their glory fade?"

asks Alfred Tennyson, singing the charge of the heroic six hundred riding boldly into the jaws of death. When shall the glory of our English painters be extinct? how shall their glory fade, when a collection such as this can

be evoked in one provincial city, and in the course of a few months? We hope and believe—never.

Glancing rapidly up and down these walls (it is the same in the water-colour galleries), the blaze of colour that rushes on the senses like a peacock's tail suddenly displayed, or a rich bouquet suddenly produced from beneath the folds of a black domino, is something prodigious—something marvellous—something soul-stirring to look upon. We do not claim pre-eminence in drawing for the English painter. Hamon draws as well as Mulready—Couture composes as grandly as Maclise. We will not (remembering the Hunts, Millais, and Hughes) set up a claim for superiority in detail and finish. Meissonnier can paint as minutely as Millais, and Rousseau's landscapes are more elaborate than Linnell's. But for colour—gorgeous yet refined, luscious yet tender, broad yet diversified, vigorous yet delicate—we consider the English painters of the modern school to be unrivalled, unapproachable, inimitable.

We have given but a faint and incomplete outline of the contents of two of the departments of the Art-Treasures Exhibition. It will be henceforward our task to recur to these, and also to describe in detail the remaining sections of this astonishing collection, from the English historical portrait gallery to the beautiful works in niello, and gold, and ivory, and porcelain in the central hall.

Imperial Parliament.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE first Session of the fifth Parliament summoned during the reign of her present Majesty, was opened on Thursday week. But little pomp and circumstance marked the inaugural sitting of the reconstituted Legislature. Besides the Lords Commissioners, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Harrowby, Lord Stanley of Alderley, and Earl Spencer, not more than twelve or fifteen Peers were in attendance.

The House of Commons having been called to their Lordships' House, the LORD CHANCELLOR announced that the Royal Commission, graciously authorising him and his co-commissioners to open Parliament in her Majesty's name, would then be read; which was done by the clerk at the table accordingly. The Lord Chancellor then said that before proceeding to business, "it being necessary that a Speaker of the House of Commons should be chosen, it is her Majesty's pleasure that you, gentlemen of the House of Commons, should repair to the place where you are to sit, and there proceed to the appointment of some proper person to be your Speaker, and that you should appear here to-morrow at two o'clock, and then present the person whom you shall so choose for her Majesty's royal appointment."

The Commons then withdrew; and after the Bishop of Gloucester had read prayers supplicating the divine blessing on the counsels of Parliament, the Peers presented themselves to be sworn, and afterwards inserted their names on the roll of the House.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The House of Commons proceeded to the choice of a Speaker on Thursday, after their return from the House of Lords. The election of Mr. Evelyn Denison was proposed by Lord H. Vane, and seconded by Mr. Thornley. No other candidate was proposed, and Mr. Denison was therefore duly elected. He returned thanks to the House accordingly, after which he was conducted to the chair by his mover and seconder; then, standing on the steps of the chair, the Speaker again expressed his thanks for the honour conferred on him.

The Serjeant-at-Arms having placed the mace on the table, Lord Palmerston for the Ministry, and Mr. Walpole for the Opposition, congratulated the Speaker upon his elevation to the chair.

FRIDAY, MAY 1.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Mr. J. Evelyn Denison, the newly-elected Speaker of the House of Commons, was present, and the Commissioners, on the part of the Queen, signified her Majesty's approval of the choice made by the House of Commons. Their Lordships then adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The House assembled under the presidency of the new Speaker, and the swearing-in of the members was proceeded with. No other business was transacted, either on this or several succeeding days. The members were taken in the alphabetical order of counties.

THURSDAY, MAY 7.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Her Majesty's Message to the New Parliament was delivered on Thursday by Commission. A number of Peers were present, and the Lower House having been summoned, the members made their appearance at the bar, headed by the Speaker.

The LORD CHANCELLOR then proceeded to read her Majesty's most gracious Message, which was as follows:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"We are commanded to inform you that her Majesty has availed herself of the earliest opportunity of having recourse to your advice and assistance after the dissolution of the last Parliament; and her Majesty trusts that there will be found sufficient time during the present Session to enable you satisfactorily to deal with various important matters, some of which had occupied the attention of Parliament in the beginning of this year.

"We are commanded by her Majesty to inform you that the general aspect of affairs in Europe affords a well-grounded confidence in the continuance of peace.

"All the main stipulations of the Treaty of Paris have been carried into execution, and it is to be hoped that what remains to be done in regard to those matters will be speedily accomplished.

"The negotiations upon the subject of the differences which had arisen between the King of Prussia and the Swiss Confederation, in regard to the affairs of Neuchâtel, are drawing to a close, and will, her Majesty trusts, be terminated by an arrangement honourable and satisfactory to all parties.

"The negotiations in which her Majesty has been engaged with the Government of the United States, and with the Government of Honduras, in regard to the affairs of Central America, have not yet been brought to a close.

"We are commanded by her Majesty to inform you that a treaty of peace between her Majesty and the Shah of Persia was signed at Paris, on the 4th of March, by her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, and by the Ambassador of the Shah; and her Majesty will give directions that this treaty shall be laid before you as soon as the ratifications thereof shall have been duly exchanged.

"Her Majesty commands us to express to you her regret that, at the date of the latest advices from China, the differences which had arisen between the High Commissioner at Canton and her Majesty's civil and naval officers in China, still remain unadjusted. But her Majesty has sent to China a Plenipotentiary fully instructed to deal with all matters of difference, and that Plenipotentiary will be supported by an adequate naval and military force in the event of such assistance becoming necessary.

"We are commanded to inform you that her Majesty, in conjunction with several other European Powers, has concluded a treaty with the King of Denmark for the redemption of the Sound Dues. This treaty, together with a separate convention between her Majesty and the King of Denmark, completing the arrangement, will be laid before you, and her Majesty will cause the measures necessary for fulfilling the engagements thereby contracted to be submitted for your consideration.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"Her Majesty has directed the estimates for the present year to be laid before you.

"They have been prepared with a careful attention to economy, and with a due regard to the efficiency of the departments of the public service to which they severally relate.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"Her Majesty commands us to recommend to your earnest consideration measures which will be proposed to you for the consolidation and improvement of the law.

"Bills will be submitted to you for improving the laws relating to the Testamentary and Matrimonial Jurisdiction now exercised by the Ecclesiastical Courts, and also for checking fraudulent breaches of trust.

"Her Majesty commands us to express to you her heartfelt gratification

at witnessing the continued well-being and contentment of her people and the progressive development of productive industry throughout her dominions.

"Her Majesty confidently commits to your wisdom and care the great interests of her empire, and fervently prays that the blessing of Almighty God may be vouchsafed to your deliberations, and may lead you to conclusions conducive to the objects of her Majesty's constant solicitude, the welfare and happiness of her loyal and faithful people."

At the conclusion of the speech, the Commons withdrew; and prayers having been read, their Lordships adjourned till 5 o'clock.

THE ADDRESS.

When the Lord Chancellor had read her Majesty's Speech, the Marquis of Townshend moved an humble address to her Majesty, in answer to her Speech on the opening of Parliament.

This was seconded by the Earl of Portsmouth, and a discussion ensued, which we do not think necessary to give in detail, as the debate in the Lower House opened up the questions to which public attention is directed, and evoked an important ministerial announcement.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The House, which met at two o'clock to accompany the Speaker to the House of Lords to hear her Majesty's speech, resumed at a quarter to four, when the swearing-in of Members was continued. The House was very full. A great proportion of the Members sat on the Ministerial side of the House.

Mr. HATTEK gave notice that various Members of the Government would ask for leave to bring in bills relating to Transportation, to the Board of Health, to amend the oaths to be taken by Members of the two Houses, and to make fraudulent breaches of trust criminally punishable.

Mr. ROXBURGH gave notice that on that day fortnight he should move a resolution to the effect that the representation of the House was not in a satisfactory condition, and that therefore the attention of Parliament, on the first practicable opportunity, ought to be applied to the subject.

Mr. LOCKE KING next gave notice that he should on Tuesday week move for leave to bring in a bill to extend the borough franchise to counties, and Mr. H. BAKERLEY stated that he should, on an early day, call the attention of the House to the question of the ballot.

THE ADDRESS.

The SPEAKER having read her Majesty's gracious speech, Mr. DOBSON proposed an address to the Queen, in answer to her Majesty's speech. After alluding to the various topics in the speech, which he said were subjects for congratulation, he expressed a hope that the House would excel previous Parliaments in the adoption of useful measures, and thereby maintain the position of this country amongst the nations of the earth.

Mr. BUCHANAN seconded the address. He commenced by observing, that the general elections had confirmed the foreign policy of the Government; and he stated that no man, however eloquent and talented, could remain at the head of affairs against the convictions of the people on questions of home and foreign policy. The broad basis of our relations with China was of more consequence than mere technicalities, as was the case with the last Parliament. The country had given vent to its opinion in regard to it, and in support of the interests of the empire. It was necessary we should make a show of independence against the Chinese, in order to protect our commerce and keep up our influence. He argued great benefits would result from Lord Elgin's negotiations. The state of Southern Europe was a question of great importance at this time, and he called the attention of the House to the abuses of power in Italy. The present time was looked upon as auspicious for many reforms, which he hoped would be carried out, one being the extension of the suffrage. He had no doubt a national system of education would be shortly adopted by the House.

General P. THOMPSON entered a protest against what had been said on the China question on the part of the defunct House of Parliament.

Lord R. GROSVEHOR said that one of the subjects that interested his constituents was an extension of the suffrage. It would be a very good thing if the Noble Lord at the head of the Government would devise a more elastic and self-acting reform bill than that under which they were elected, so as to make a little more equality of Members. The equalisation of poor rates throughout the metropolis was an important question that would require the immediate attention of the House.

Mr. W. EWART alluded to the question of the necessity of the adoption of a Ministry of Public Justice.

Lord PALMERSTON said that, with regard to the establishment of a Ministry of Justice, the Government in the last session said it was a difficult question to be carried out, and he could only now say the Government had the question under consideration, and he hoped the proposition they would make might meet the views of Parliament. Considering the short period this Parliament could sit, and the number of measures to be introduced, it was necessary the House should, in discussing Parliamentary Reform, consider that no practical good could result from this session from it. It would unsettle people's minds, and embarrass the Government in another session. In the recess the Government intended to consider the question, but it would be impossible for him then to make any statement of details relative to the views of the Government. In the following session they would be able to produce a measure for the extension of the franchise that would, he thought, be satisfactory to the people. He asked the country to place confidence in the Government, and wait till next session for its production. If they would not, why then the country had better put others in the place of the present Government. His Lordship then referred to the peace existing between this country and all the great Powers of Europe, which was likely to continue, and that the more each country advanced in civilisation, the less inclined would they be to have recourse to discord. The question of church-rates was under the consideration of the Government.

Mr. ROXBURGH said that he would not throw any obstacles in the way of the Noble Lord relative to Parliamentary reform, after the promise which he had made to introduce a Reform Bill next session.

The question was then put and agreed to, and a committee was appointed to draw up the reply to the Royal Speech.

The House adjourned at twelve minutes past six o'clock.

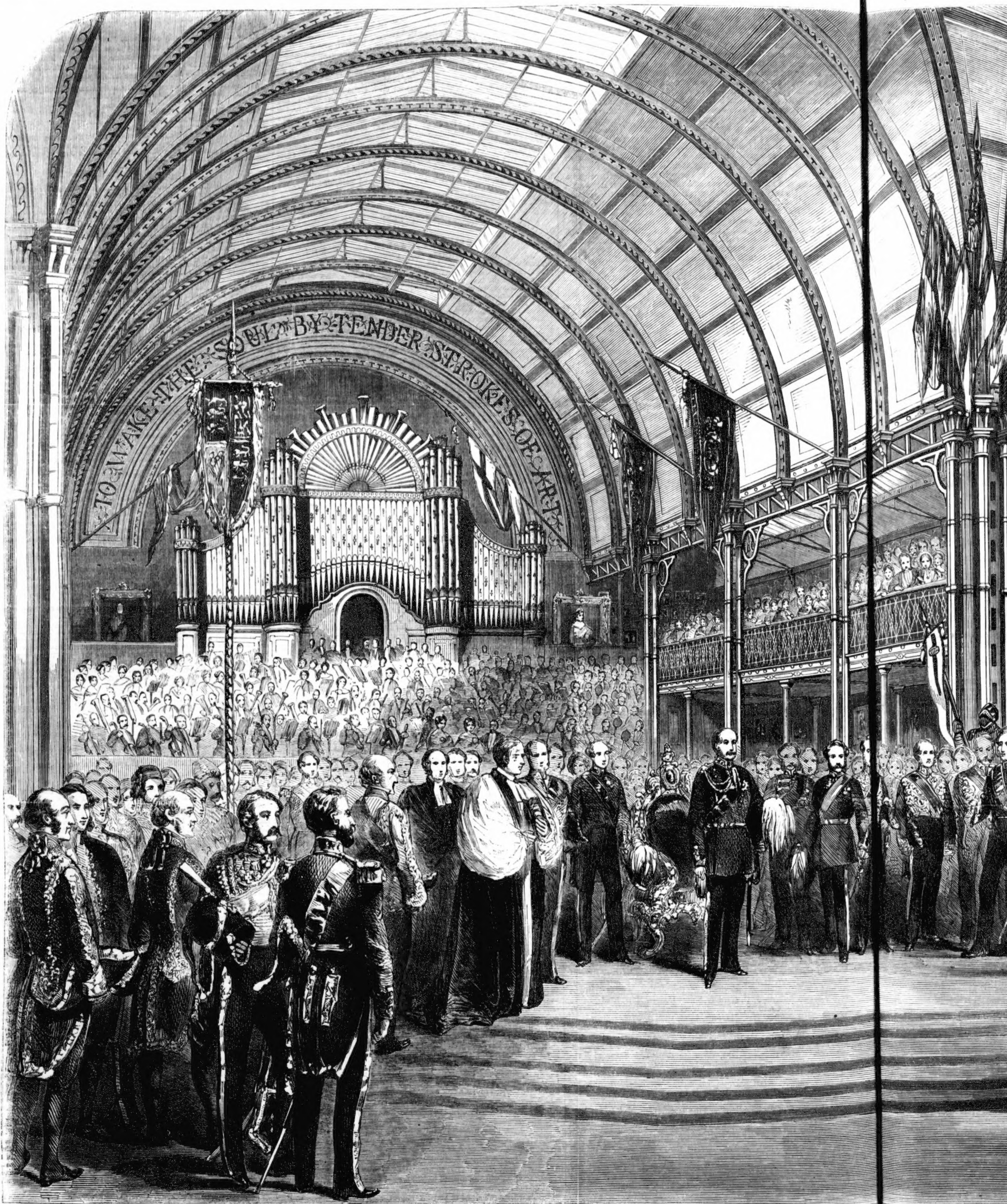
CONVOCATION.—The bishops and clergy forming the two Houses of Convocation for the Province of Canterbury assembled on Friday week at St. Paul's Cathedral, where they met the Archbishop, and performed the religious ceremonies usual on the meeting of a new convocation. The litany was intoned in Latin by the Bishop of Lincoln; and the Latin sermon was preached by the Reverend Hayward Cox, Prebendary of Hereford and examining chaplain to the bishop of that diocese. The subject of his discourse was controversy and the principles that should govern it on religious questions, with a special application to convocation.

MR. COBDEN ON HIS DEFEAT.—In a letter in acknowledgment of a copy of resolutions passed at a public meeting in Hawick sympathising with Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and Gibson on their recent defeats, Mr. Cobden observes that his defeat at Huddersfield was accidental, and that his entrance upon the contest was at the time "simply and solely a mistake!" The real cause of his absence from the House is to be traced as far back as 1847, when "owing to the over-zealous kindness of my friends, I was, while 1,000 miles distant from England, returned for both the West Riding and Stockport." He was aware at the time that in withdrawing himself from the safe anchorage of Stockport, he was endangering his return at some future election. "The result has only verified my predictions. But let it not be supposed that I am so unreasonable as to feel aggrieved by the result. I should be about the last man living to be justified in giving way to such a feeling. I have had more than my share of the honours of political warfare, and why should I expect to escape its reverses? For personal reasons it is convenient to me at present to be relieved from the duties of Parliament. I must confess, however, at the same time, that there never was a moment when, on public grounds, I would have more gladly taken my seat in the House of Commons." Mr. Cobden has also received an address from the Roman Catholic electors of Leeds. Alluding to a passage in the document, Mr. Cobden says, in his reply:—"It is true that I incurred some little obliquity in certain quarters by opposing the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in 1851, but I did so in consistency with that principle of religious liberty which has always been the maxim of my political life, and which I apply alike to all denominations. Had the measure affected the church government of the Wesleyans, the Independents, or the Baptists, I should have equally opposed it."

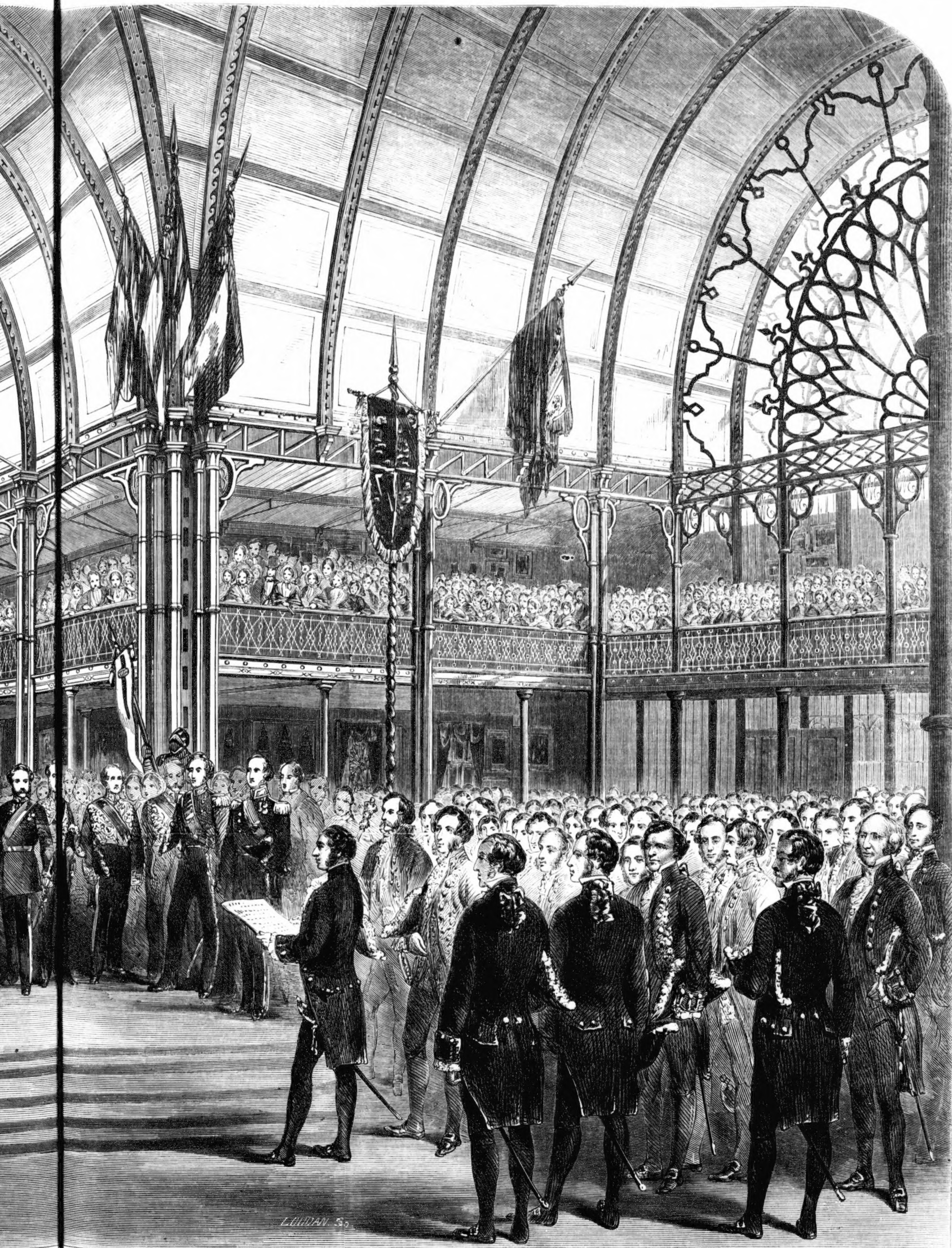
ENLISTMENT IN THE ARMY.—An order has just been issued by the authorities at the Horse Guards, whereby the whole of the troops now serving in the army who were enlisted for ten years, and who have completed seven years' service and upwards, with good characters, will be allowed to re-enlist, receiving a bounty of £3, £2 of which will be paid in cash, and the other in necessaries. Should, however, the latter be not required, the whole sum will be handed to the soldier re-enlisting. By this arrangement there will be a saving effected on each recruit of about £5, according to the present scale allowed.

INSTALLATION OF DR. MANING AS PROVOST OF WESTMINSTER.—Dr. Maning, formerly archdeacon of Chichester, and whose secession from the Church of England a few years since produced so great a sensation, was on Tuesday installed as a dignitary of the Catholic Church, assuming the title of "Provost of the Archdiocese of Westminster." The ceremony took place in the church of St. Mary, Moorfields, by Cardinal Wiseman. The office of provost of Westminster carries with it the chief ecclesiastical control over the Roman Catholic clergy of the archdiocese in the absence or on the decease of the archbishop, whose deputy and representative he is.

ACCIDENT AT THE LONDON BRIDGE TERMINUS.—As a train of nine carriages were entering the London Bridge terminus on Friday morning (the 18th), the engine passed over to a wrong line of rails, and, dragging the first carriage, caused it to upset. Five passengers were greatly injured; one of them, indeed, a Mr. Gann, has since died.



THE OPENING OF THE MANCHESTER ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION: THE CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE



LUDMAN 50

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE READING THE ADDRESS.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 41.

"My Noble Lords and Gentlemen,
Once more we're met together again,
When last we met I said so then."—Punch."

To one accustomed to parliamentary life, the scene on Thursday, the 30th of April, was strange and ludicrous. It was one o'clock when we arrived at the House, and though it wanted a full hour to the time fixed for the assembling of the Members, it was evident to us that a number of the "new-uns," as the policemen call those who have not been in Parliament before, were already loitering about the place. It was clear that they were not "strangers," as they had been, after due questioning, suffered to go into parts of the building where no strangers are allowed to go; and it was also equally certain they were not old Members. They had not yet got the parliamentary air and bearing, and, moreover, were evidently puzzled to find their way about, rushing into all manner of out-of-the-way places into which they did not want to go, and altogether unable to discover the places to which they did want to go. One old man we found peeping into a washing-room, and on politely inquiring whether we could be of any service, we discovered that he was hunting for the library, which was some hundred yards off. Another seemed to us to be regularly surveying the building, for there was not a door that he did not open on his way, nor a recess that he did not look into, but as he was wholly unacquainted with the plan of the "Mighty Maze," twice he came round to the spot whence he started; and when we ceased watching him he was just blundering into the private room of one of the officers of the House. At half-past one there were some thirty or forty "new-uns" in the House; and from a quarter before two to the time fixed, they came up in such a stream that the door-keepers must have been perfectly bewildered. At ten minutes past two the scene in the House, from the reporters' gallery, was very odd to those who are old attendants upon the House. The few old Members who were present, and some of the new who had personal friends to show them where to go, quietly took their seats; but the bulk of the "new-uns" stood hustling about the bar, and all with their hats on, to the great discomfort and disgust of the serjeant and deputy-serjeant, who were both on duty, vainly striving to reduce the chaos to something like order. Amongst the old Members, Sir James Graham was conspicuous, stalwart and fresh as ever—but how changed was all around him since he last sat there! Cobden, Bright, Gibson, Cardwell, Phillimore, Layard, Fox and Miall, who sat in that neighbourhood, are all gone. The Right Honourable Baronet did not seem, however, to be much affected by his bereavement, for we never saw him look better, and he appeared to enjoy the contemplation of the surging crowd below him amazingly. Soon afterwards, Sydney Herbert came in and Gladstone, but they could not take their wonted seats, as they had long been occupied by "nobody knows who." Palmerston was in his usual place, but his Lordship is not much the better or the relaxation of the recess. He has lost all his springiness, still wear shoes made more for ease than show, looks pale, and shows unmistakable signs of a disposition to stoop. "Ah! it's no use," said an Honourable Member, shaking his head; "if the Opposition can't beat him, old age and the gout will." Lord John Russell was there; but as his place was occupied, he dropped down at the extreme end of the Treasury bench. The Noble Lord is quite up to the mark. We should guess that he has been breathing the country air since his election; for, instead of that chalky paleness which is almost invariably the mark of an old Member of Parliament, he has the bronzed look of a country gentleman fresh from his estate. Mr. Robert Lowe looked, as he sat on the step of the gangway, fresh as he always has looked since the hour of his birth, and as he will look until the day of his death. His is a face that nothing can change. Sir Charles Wood was also present; still the same jaunty gentleman, with hat stuck aside and hands in his breeches' pockets; always the same, "whether he win or lose the game." On the Opposition benches there were very few old Members. Walpole was there, in his usual place, but Disraeli was not—he mistook the hour of meeting; nor were Henry, Whiteside, Pakington, or Bulwer present. Amongst the "new uns" known to us, conspicuous above all was the burly, corpulent, Sir John Potter, Mr. Bright's substitute, unquestionably the "greatest man" in the house. We should lay him at eighteen stone, and should not be surprised to hear that twenty will not "fetch him up." He looked about for a long while for Mr. Kinglake, and at last discovered him amongst the crowd. But we will say nothing of him here; the author of "Eothen" must have a special notice. The gray head of the veteran political warrior, General Thompson, the man who opened fire against the Corn Laws before many of the League were born, was easily discovered. The old General must be far on the shady side of seventy, and yet how active he is! Query—Is it wise of him, unless he wishes to die on his shield, to come again into the stormy arena of politics? We know not whether any more "gods" were among the crowd; but if there were, they must be "Dii minores," unknown to us.

BLACK ROD!

We had not, however, much time to search, for on a sudden the door of the House was banged to, the deputy-serjeant and the bar messengers cried "Make way, gentlemen, for Black Rod!" "Hats off, hats off," and having succeeded in making an arrow through the undisciplined crowd, in marched Mr. Pulman, the deputy-usher, in full Windsor uniform. This stiff and stately functionary, as he marches up the centre of the House between rows of plainly-dressed gentlemen, is always an anomalous figure—but on this occasion the scene was supremely ridiculous. The dignity of the solemn gentleman had evidently suffered. He had been kept waiting for a minute or two—the passage through the mob was hardly sufficient for him to pass without hazing the gloss on his brain new habiliments—and there was also a most distressing inclination amongst the "new uns" to titter instead of bowing to the great functionary as he passed; and when he backed out in his usual manner, and ran foul of a burly Member who stood in his way, the latter broke out into a laugh. It is probable that this ceremony will soon vanish, as so many pageantries have already done. Until the session of 1851, no bills could be brought from the Lords but by the hands of the "Queen's Ancient Serjeant" in scarlet robes, who was conducted up to the table by the serjeant-at-arms; but now the clerk of the Lords brings them down to the House, and privately delivers them to the clerk of the Commons without any ceremony at all—and the "Queen's Ancient Serjeant" is now only a tradition of the House. "Black Rod" will most likely speedily follow. When a ceremony excites contempt, instead of veneration, it is a proof that it has arrived at its second childhood, and must soon be consigned to the devouring maw of *Tempus edas rerum*.

The House then, with Sir Denis Le Marchant, the clerk, at its head, went to the Lords, and having returned with permission from the Crown to elect a Speaker, it proceeded at once to do so; but this ceremony we need not describe, as it tallied exactly with our anticipated description a fortnight ago. Suffice it to say, that the Right Hon. Evelyn Denison, M.P. for North Northamptonshire, is now Speaker of the House of Commons. When the Right Hon. Gentleman was conducted to the chair, he was in plain clothes; on the next day, when he went to the Lords to obtain the approbation of the Crown, he was arrayed in court-dress, and wore a short wig; but, on the following day, having now become a full-blown Speaker, he marched into the House full robed and in due order. At present, however, he does not bear his blushing honours well: he is fidgety, wants repose, and when he walks he does not show his full height. He comes with great disadvantage after Lord Eversley, who, whether he was in the chair or in procession, was always every inch a Speaker; but as Mr. Denison is really a fine, tall man, there is no reason why he should not have a stately appearance, and he probably will have in a month or so, when he shall have got used to his position. But what a task he has before him, to drill into order, and control that unruly mass of "new uns"! It is no slight duty merely to "get up" the names of some 170 men. And yet this must be done, or how is he to indicate promptly the man that catches his eye? Happily, he has three experienced clerks ever present, and plenty of old Members around him to consult. In a few weeks, therefore, he may be expected to be well up in this particular. Besides, it must be remembered that, though the rule is for the Speaker to call upon the man that first "catches his eye," it will be easy when several rise at once to name one whom he knows; and whilst he is addressing the House, Mr. Speaker can ascertain the names of the others, and thus be ready when the Honourable Member sits down. All that is required is close attention, ready tact, and a tolerably good memory. It

is more than probable that we shall not have any exciting scenes to demand his energetic control this session. That there will be no Reform Bill is certain—at least, no Reform Bill whose promoters will seriously mean to carry. The year is too far advanced; and besides, it must be remembered that a Reform in Parliament would necessitate another general election; and much as Honourable Members may be supposed to respect their constituents, it is not in the nature of things that the most earnest Reformers should wish speedily to renew their costly acquaintance. That there will be a good deal of sparring is likely, but the regular set-to will be postponed to another session.

MR. HORSMAN.

The Right Honourable Edward Horsman, late Secretary for Ireland, is now, it is understood, out of office—a free and independent Member, no longer gagged by official etiquette. We may expect, therefore, that he will resume his old employment of ferreting out ecclesiastical abuses, worrying bishops, and bringing fat pluralists to the bar of public opinion. Since his appointment to the Irish Secretaryship in 1855, he has necessarily been silent about these matters. But now that he is once more free, he will probably again indulge his hunting propensities. And as he is a man of no mean abilities, fully acquainted with the subject, and a good speaker, we may hope that he will do something to mitigate the threatening drizzle of the session.

ORDER, M^r. ROUPPELL!

The Honourable Member for Lambeth has the honour to be the first man in the New Parliament called to order. His breach of the rules of the House occurred on Tuesday, when, dressed in a cloak of the Leicester Square variety, hanging loosely on his shoulder, so as to display with great effect a broad velvet collar, he walked about the House with his hat on. The cloak, though unusual, is perfectly in order; but the covered head, when a Member is standing or walking, is not, and provoked a burst of "Order! order!" Such mistakes are to be expected in a new Parliament. Mr. Roupell will soon get wiser, unless, indeed, he should be prematurely cut off from Parliamentary life. A thunderbolt, in the form of a petition, we hear, is hanging over him; and if it descends, the big wigs say his doom is sure. Parliamentary agents and counsel look upon him as a god-send. In these reforming, stingy days, they seldom get so fat a bird.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

The House met on Thursday at one, and at that hour there was a rush of Members to be sworn. Up to Wednesday evening nearly five hundred had undergone that operation, and perhaps one hundred more took the oaths between one and two on Thursday. Lord Palmerston was sworn on Wednesday, and we are sorry not to be able to report an improvement in his Lordship's appearance. There can be no question that he is far from well—very far. It is painful to see the ashy-paleness of his haggard features, and to notice the labour which it costs him to get from his carriage to the House. A year ago he could keep pace with the youngest, and spring up stairs two steps at a spring; but all this is gone, and we fear never to return. At two o'clock there was, of course, a crowd of Members, especially of "new uns;" but the order was manifestly improved, and in another week or so the young bears will have been pretty nearly licked into shape.

THE MANCHESTER ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

The "Illustrated Times," during the months of May, June, and July, will contain

SEVERAL HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS

Of subjects selected from the contents of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition—including copies of the more interesting early pictures by German and Italian Masters; a large selection from the series of English Portraits, and from the Galleries of Modern English Paintings and of Water-Colour Drawings. Some of the works selected for reproduction in the "Illustrated Times" have never yet been engraved, while of others engravings are very rare. The "Illustrated Times" will also present accurately-drawn representations of choice objects in sculpture, ivory, bronze, porcelain, enamel, glass, and terra cotta; with specimens from the celebrated Meyrick collection of armour, and other mediæval relics; art furniture, &c., &c.

INTERESTING TO EVERY CONSTITUENCY IN THE KINGDOM.

In the course of the next few weeks, the Proprietors of the "Illustrated Times" will publish an extra Number of that newspaper, containing short Biographical Notices of the whole of the Members of the

NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS,

accompanied by their avowed opinions on all the great political questions of the day, and a statement of the chief votes given by such as were Members of the late and former Parliaments. This

PARLIAMENTARY NUMBER OF THE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES"

will be rendered still more interesting by the accompaniment of between ONE AND TWO HUNDRED PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

These Portraits will be drawn and engraved chiefly from Photographs taken by Mr. MAYALL, of Regent Street, for this special purpose. Among them, including a full-length Portrait of the New Speaker in his official robes, will be comprised all the Members of the present Government having seats in the House of Commons, the leaders and other prominent members of the different political parties; and, in fact, every individual of note returned to the new Parliament, including a considerable number of representatives who have been elected for the first time.

This extra Number of the "Illustrated Times" will be Published at the ordinary price. The purchase of it will not be compulsory on regular subscribers to the paper, but it will not be sold separately from the ordinary Number issued on the same day.

POSTAL DISTRICT MAP OF LONDON,

(Size 2 Feet 3 Inches by 3 Feet.)

The above map will be procured of the Agents for the "Illustrated Times," but it will not be sold separately from No. 100 of the Paper, the price of which, with the Map, is 5d.; or the Map and Paper will be sent, Post free, from the Office on the receipt of Seven Stamps.

It is necessary that FOUR Stamps be forwarded with all applications to the Publisher of the "Illustrated Times" for single copies of the paper. For two copies SEVEN Stamps will be sufficient.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1857.

THE ROYAL SPEECH.

This time, as usual, we have a most meagre affair to deal with, under the above title. Such state papers become poorer from session to session, and Parliament to Parliament. Mr. Dickens accuses our statesmen of labouring "how not to do it;" they are improving in their efforts, apparently, "how not to say it," either.

Eight long and dull paragraphs contain the regular foreign news which we (with the rest of the press) have disseminated for weeks past; and they contain no more. Common-places about the probable continuance of peace are of course solemnly uttered. But we have no assurance how the Central American negotiations are turning; how the late warlike news from Persia will bear on the concluded treaty; or what are our real prospects with regard to the Chinese question. Parliament is formally assured of the mere bits of news, but there is no trace or sign of any confidence in it whatever. No policy—no views—are indicated; all is old, mediocre, meagre, formal, and not over respectful to the House or to the country.

As good a specimen of the faults of the Speech is afforded by the Chinese paragraph as by any other. No foreign question excites half so much interest at present. In no foreign matter have we recently

had more striking—nay, alarming—news. Well, all that we learn on the matter from the Ministry is, that the "differences" remain "unadjusted,"—that a "plenipotentiary" has been sent,—and that he will be "supported by an adequate naval and military force in the event of such assistance becoming necessary." Why, the Commissioners might as well have told us that we had very chilly weather for the time of year, that the wind was particularly disagreeable, and that cucumbers (so necessary with salmon) were still expensive. The country did not want such platitudes. It wanted to be assured that the Government saw some signs of an early termination of misery and massacre in the East; and had given its plenipotentiary corresponding instructions—and some reference to the latest aspects of the case would have been especially welcome. But cold reserve breathes from every line.

When we come to the familiar part of the Speech where the social and political "demonstration" is usually looked for, we find even less than we expected. We did not expect much. But we find next to nothing.—Here is the whole domestic policy of Lord Palmerston's Government at one swoop:—

"Her Majesty commands us to recommend to your earnest consideration measures which will be proposed to you for the consideration and improvement of the law."

"Bills will be submitted to you for improving the laws relating to the Testamentary and Matrimonial Jurisdiction now exercised by the Ecclesiastical Courts, and also for checking fraudulent breaches of trust."

Like Bob Sawyer's professional gains, the Premier's reforms might all be "put in a wine-glass and covered over with a gooseberry-leaf." He is for curing the country by administering globules of reform. And how characteristic the different degrees of prominence gives to foreign and domestic subjects! All that his genius can suggest in the way of necessary improvement at home is put into eight lines. Nothing can be more natural, nor more unsatisfactory.

The first sensation awakened by this meagre bill of fare is one of humour. Palmerston went to the country as "The Man" of the time. His admirers were very indefinite in their explanations why he was "the man;" but assured us that he was a great reformer only waiting for a good opportunity to reform. The country accepted him as that. Scores of "liberal" constituencies rejected men for want of out-and-out loyalty to him. His name was freely associated with extension of suffrage, and even with the ballot. Humbugs—yes, humbugs who had betrayed him before—traded on his popularity. The result is before us. He has gained everything, and will improve nothing. He thinks that the Conservatives cannot meddle with a man who will not change; that Lord John Russell is used up; and the Liberals—by the loss of Bright, &c.—knocked down. He contemplates, accordingly, a renewal of the game of last session,—a despotic control in foreign matters just kept in countenance by a few stale old little measures of Reform leisurely carried on and dropped, if troublesome,—and meanwhile a profound reliance on the general apathy about politics for the power of resisting all political change. This is the ministerial programme, as distinctly visible in the ministerial speech. We now wait—with some curiosity—to see what the country thinks of it.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY, accompanied by Prince Albert and the Royal Family, left town for Osborne on Thursday morning. Her Majesty's recovery progresses most satisfactorily.

PROFESSOR LIEBIG has analysed the bread sent to him from Hong Kong, and has found it to contain more than sufficient arsenic to cause death. The poison was spread over the whole surface of the bread, which proved that it had been mixed up with the dough.

LORD ELGIN, Envoy Extraordinary from the British Government to China, embarked at Marseilles on 1st inst., on board the English Post-office packet *Caradoc*, for Malta.

MR. ARNOLD has been elected to the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford. Mr. Bode was the only other candidate who went to the poll.

THE PROFESSORSHIP OF POLITICAL ECONOMY at the University of Oxford has been carried off by Mr. Charles Neate, the newly-elected candidate for the city. The Rev. J. E. T. Rogers, M.A. of Magdalen Hall, and Mr. N. W. Lemon, late Fellow of Magdalen College, were the other candidates.

VISCOUNT EVERLEY has been placed on the commission now sitting for inquiring into the present arrangements for transacting the judicial business of the Superior Courts of Common Law.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT is at Turin, in improved health.

A BOY was struck by lightning near Exeter, a few days ago. The upper lid of his eye was completely paralysed. His mother, who was near him, felt a shock, and fainted, but was not injured.

MESSRS. FOX AND HENDERSON have passed their last examination satisfactorily, at Birmingham.

MR. VINCENT SCULLY was placed on the list of contributors of the Tipperary Bank, notwithstanding the transfer of his shares to a third party. Mr. Scully appealed; and the Lord Chancellor has ordered his name to be struck off the list.

THE BIRTHDAY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR occurred on Friday week. Her Majesty the Queen received visits at Buckingham Palace during the day from their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Princess Mary of Cambridge.

THE ROYAL PANOPTICON has been sold to Mr. E. T. Smith, of Drury Lane Theatre, for £11,000.

RADY CASTLE, the seat of the Duke of Cleveland, was entered on the 24th of April, and about £100 or £150 in gold and silver was stolen from a drawer in the office of the house steward. A number of notes deposited in the same drawer were left.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT sent twenty-one silver medals and £70 in money to be distributed among the twenty-one boatmen who rescued the crew of the Northern Belle, wrecked at Kingsgate, near Broadstairs. Mr. Dallas forwarded the medals and money to Lord Clarendon, with a letter expressing the highest admiration of the gallantry of the English boatmen. These awards have since been delivered to the men at a public meeting.

THE ADMIRALTY has selected Vice-Admiral Reynolds to fill the post of Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, in succession to Admiral Sir William Parker, whose period of service will shortly expire. Admiral Reynolds has served with distinction in the command of the African squadron engaged in repressing the slave-trade.

THE STEAMER ONEIDA, from Australia, about which some anxiety had been felt, was obliged to put back into King George's Sound, with damaged machinery. The mails and passengers of the Oneida were carried to Suez by the European, and thence in the Cambria to Marseilles.

LORD PALMERSTON, it is confidently stated, has promised to take charge of a bill to remove the disabilities under which our Jewish fellow-subjects labour.

THE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FRANKLIN FUND (for the prosecution of a final search moves well, although scarcely brought before the public. Captain Allen Young, who commanded the Adelaide steam-transport in the Black Sea during the late Crimean war, has volunteered, if allowed to accompany the expedition, to contribute £500 to the fund.

A YOUNG SAILOR fell from the masthead of the Austrian frigate *Novara*, on the 24th ult., and literally "spitted" himself on the bayonet of a marine, who was on duty on deck.

WHEN THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA visited England in 1844 (says a letter from St. Petersburg), he announced his intention of giving annually a sum of £500 sterling to purchase a silver cup, to be run for at the Ascot races, and the sum was given each year up to 1853. The Emperor Alexander has now decided that it shall no longer be given, and that the cup intended for the year 1854 shall be run for at the races which are to take place this year at Moscow.

THE RAISING OF SHEEP IN ALABAMA is said to have proved more profitable than the cultivation of cotton. Thousands of acres, fit for nothing else besides sheep pasture, can be had for 12½ cents per acre.

THE "GREAT EASTERN"—the monster ship—will sail from Milford Haven. No other harbour in the kingdom, it is said, could afford her accommodation.

THE NIECE OF A RESPECTABLE FARMER, residing at Naas (Ireland), eloped a few days ago with her uncle's man-servant, and a considerable quantity of property, some of which was sewed in her clothes. Their appearance excited the suspicion of a policeman at a railway station, and they were arrested. The girl was only fourteen years of age.

FANCY DRESS BALLS have been denounced by Archdeacon Philpot at Bath. The Archdeacon told his hearers, says the "Bath Post," that "no one who attended them was in the road to salvation."

A CONCERT, in aid of the distressed artisans and labourers discharged from Woolwich Dockyard, was held at the Riding House, on Wednesday. The object of the fund is to assist the unemployed who are desirous of emigrating to Canada.

A BRASS GUN (cast) has been presented by the Sultan to Queen Victoria. The gun is reported to be about 200 years old; it is above thirteen feet long, and fires a shot of between eighteen and twenty-four pounds. It is of very elegant mould, and is covered with ornamentation of an Oriental character. The carriage is of walnut, with wheels of oak, all elaborately carved.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE SILK CROPS are anxiously watched throughout Europe. Great apprehensions have been occasioned by the recent severity of the season, but up to the latest dates the accounts are not such as to cause discouragement.

M. ALFRED DE MUSSET, member of the French Academy, died suddenly on Monday.

THE PARISH CHURCH OF WISBOROUGH GREEN, Sussex, was struck by lightning on Saturday. The steeple was set on fire and considerably damaged. There was a very severe hailstorm at and near Doncaster the day before.

THE RIVER CUTTER CURLEW, which was run down by the Baron Ozy, near the Mouse Light, has been raised, and floated into harbour. The bodies of the officer in charge and of the men (with one exception) were on board of her.

THE BODY OF A MAN NAMED MURPHY has been found in the River Nore (Ireland), with marks of violence and stabs upon it. He had been missing for several weeks. When he left home, he had £10 or £12 on his person.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ASHERBURNHAM left Suva, on the 21st ult., by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Ava*, on his way to China.

THE NIGHTINGALE FUND, it has been resolved, will not close till the 20th of June.

AN ANTIQUE LADY, says the "Avenir d'Anvers," has just given birth to her twenty-ninth child, and both the mother and little No. 29 are doing well.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has resigned his office as Lord of the Admiralty. It has been said that the approaching visit of the Grand Duke Constantine to England is connected with Sir Robert's resignation. Mr. Frederick Peel, Under-Secretary for the War Department, has also resigned. He will be succeeded by Sir John Ramsden.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

ART topics just at present engross the public attention. The Exhibition of the Academy is a fine subject for gossip, and the feeble-well whose ball-room conversation is limited to inquiries as to whether his partner likes dancing, or lamentations upon the heat of the rooms, now finds matter of mutual interest, and ventilates his own peculiar opinions on the various pictures. The Exhibition, taken as a whole, is generally considered good, the rooms have been crowded during the week, (I never saw them so full as they were the first day), and one can already judge which are the pictures which most excite the curiosity or appeal to the feelings of the public, by the little crowd invariably gathered round them. The most favoured in this respect are Mr. Millais's "Legend,"—(oh, that horse!)—and his "Heretic;" Mr. Solomon's "Waiting for the Verdict;" Messrs. Stanfield, Cooke, and Creswick's landscapes; Landseer's "Rough and Ready;" and Mr. Hook's delightful bits of fishing life. There is one little gem in the Exhibition which may or may not be passed over by your art-critic; it is called "The Sick Child," and is by a young student of the Academy, a Mr. Clark. It has already been purchased by Mr. Frith.

A correspondent, signing himself "A Mercantile Clerk," writes to me, begging I would suggest that the Exhibition should be open for a few hours in the evening, at a reduced charge, when many persons now unable to visit it would avail themselves of the opportunity. This suggestion was made by me last year, but I am afraid but little is to be expected from the Committee or Council of the Academy: a more conventional, dogmatical, red-tape-imposed body is not to be found in London. They love routine—they hate change—they abhor young men. They kept Mr. Millais from his associates as long as they could, and since then have once or twice tried to spoil his *prestige* by hanging his pictures badly. Some of the regulations are ridiculous: for instance, the only chance allowed to artists exhibiting for varnishing or dusting their pictures, is before twelve o'clock on the opening day; and immediately after the artists have left, before the public are admitted, the rooms are thoroughly swept—a good chance for a freshly-varnished picture! It is a rule of standing, however, and you might as well attempt to convert "Blackwood" to Liberalism, as to beat sense into the Council of the Academy.

An exhibition of the works of the late Paul Delaroche is now open in Paris. It contains many pictures and portraits painted fifteen or twenty years ago: among the latter are those of Messrs. Thiers, Czartoryski, Guizot, Remusat, De Noailles, &c. Delaroche's great pictures, the "Cromwell," and the "Enfance d'Edouard," are, however, not in the collection.

On Wednesday evening a large assemblage, including many literary, artistic, and scientific celebrities, were collected in the rooms of the Society of Arts to view the pictures painted by the late Mr. Seddon, and to hear a lecture from Mr. Ruskin on these pictures and on Pre-Raphaelitism in general. Mr. Ruskin commenced about 9 o'clock; he speaks well, but not brilliantly, and his delivery at first was somewhat monotonous and *parsonical*; but he warmed with his subject, and assumed a more conversational and pleasant tone. In the course of his remarks, he said that the committee were desirous that Mr. Seddon's picture of Mount Zion should be purchased by the nation, not so much on account of its own intrinsic merits, but as the type of a class. He spoke most eloquently of the brain slavery which is still encouraged though bodily slavery is abolished; and, in a curious figure of speech, he said that although the lion was hunted down, the vampire that lives on the brains and heart's blood of genius was yet amongst us. Mr. Ruskin then entered into a long history and explanation of what is called Pre-Raphaelitism (illustrating his subject by the exhibition of various drawings), and extolling its professors of the present day in the highest possible terms. The room was densely crowded, and Mr. Ruskin was loudly applauded at the end of his lecture.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

ADELPHI.

THE following is the plot of the new piece just produced at the Adelphi:—Mr. Slumpington, a retired tradesman, who, in the absence of his wife, has attended the convivialities of the "Social Villagers," is astonished on waking in the morning to find another social villager reclining on the sofa in his bedroom. His clothes, moreover, are muddy, his hat smashed, and neither he nor his new-found friend, Mr. Mulligatawney, have the slightest notion where they went the previous evening; in fact, since the middle of the dinner, all is blank. Mrs. Slumpington returning unexpectedly to town, the two gentlemen make the best toilets possible, and sit down to breakfast; but a gloom is suddenly cast over the entertainment by the lady's reading aloud from the newspaper an account of a "Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials"—viz. the murder of an old woman who kept a coal and potato shed. The newspaper account goes on to state that the police are on the track of the perpetrators, one of whom left behind him an umbrella, with a carved monkey's head for the handle. The two "social villagers" are aghast. Mr. Slumpington possessed an umbrella resembling the one described by the reporter; Mr. Mulligatawney's pockets are filled with bits of coal. In their drunkenness, they must have quarrelled with the old woman, and murdered her! There, you imagine Messrs. Wright and Bedford in this position. I don't think I need say more, except that the farce, which is translated from the French, ends by the discovery that the newspaper is six years old, and by the general happiness of the actors.

Mr. Watts Philipps's drama, "Joseph Chavigny," is positively announced for Monday night.

Drury Lane will very shortly be opened as a cirque, with an American troupe.

A new burlesque on the subject of "Massaniello," by Mr. Robert Brough, is in rehearsal at the Olympic.

THE DESIGNS FOR THE NEW PUBLIC OFFICES.

It appears that the nation, or at all events the Government, which in this instance is perhaps in advance of the nation, is at last convinced of the shameful inferiority of London, in a monumental point of view, to all the other capitals of Europe. Nothing can be grander at first sight than the appearance of the immense capital of England, which is twice as large, and three times as populous as Paris, with broader pavements, broader roads, and longer streets. In fact, everything that can contribute to the convenience of persons passing through and about the metropolis, riding or on foot, is found; but in the way of embellishments we are (with two or three magnificent exceptions, such as Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, worse than destitute; for instead of having nothing we have monstrosities, a French writer (M. Vissot) severely going beyond the bounds of truth when he affirms that in London the traveller may see an Indian prison on the top of an Egyptian temple, with a Greek peristyle for the entrance, adorned with Arab colonnettes and caryatides of the period of the Renaissance. The Mansion House, with its ridiculous imitation of a Greek Temple surmounted by the upper part of an ordinary London house, and the burlesque Egyptian Hall with its grinning caryatides, are not the only disgraceful specimens of our national architecture—if that architecture can be styled national which is imported wholesale as systems, and as our wine, except in such instances as the two we have mentioned, where a scandalous "adulteration" has been practised. Our really national buildings, things to which fortunately nothing similar can be found in the rest of Europe, are absurdities in the style of the church with the extinguisher steeple in Langham Place; which, to continue our vicious comparison, can only be likened to the disgusting liquids offered for sale, by dealers in sugar, raisins, string and bath-brick, under the appellation of "British wine."

Our London architecture can, then, be generally divided into four classes: First, the skilful imitations, such as St. Paul's; secondly, the clumsy imitations, such as the Duke of York's Column; thirdly, the bastard monstrosities, such as the Mansion House; fourthly, the national style, which produces Langham Church, St. James's Palace, and, in the way of sculpture, the equestrian and pedestrian statues of the Duke of Wellington.

National or foreign in style, it is desired above all that the new public offices shall be magnificent; and, from the 219 designs which have been submitted in competition, we have a right to expect that Westminster Abbey—one of our few really admirable monuments—will not be disgraced by the proximity of an unmeaning pile of bricks, or, above all, by an abortive attempt at architectural splendour in the style of the National Gallery.

We have said that the number of designs sent in amounts to upwards of 200; but the number of drawings illustrating these designs is three or four times greater. Some of the competitors have only sent the general design; others have gone into great detail, and have supplied drawings of all the offices and of several portions of each office. The architects invited to send in plans (the invitation was a general one, and was in fact addressed to all the world) have been allowed sufficient liberty; and in framing their designs they have been permitted either to imagine the bridge removed, or standing as at present exists—that is to say, propped up and in imminent danger of falling.

The designs belong to almost all kinds of architecture, from the style of the Greek temple to that of the London workhouse, not forgetting an ingenious combination of the two, similar to that exhibited in many of our chapels, in the Western Grammar School at Brompton, and, in fact, in every suburb in London where a small architect has been entrusted with a small sum of money for the execution of a vast design. The Italian, the Renaissance, and the Gothic styles appear to be in the majority, and there is said to be a general feeling in favour of the Gothic; because, as Westminster Abbey is Gothic, and the new Houses of Parliament are also somewhat Gothic, it is taken for granted that every thing in the neighbourhood should be Gothic. If, however, the architecture of a building ought to be in any sort of harmony with its origin or object, the Gothic is singularly unsuitable. The Abbey and the Houses of Parliament belong to the middle ages as well as to the present day (the former rather more, the latter rather less); but the Government offices are essentially modern. The worst of it, that we have no modern architecture, so that it is absolutely necessary to go back to the past. The only point for which the Government expressly stipulates is that the offices shall be under one roof, or as close together as possible, on the space between the Park and the Thames, and between Downing Street and Great George Street.

We do not pretend to have examined the whole of the 219 designs with sufficient attention to be able to pronounce on the merits of each; and without a very careful examination of the best (allowing that many of them might at once be rejected), it would be unjust to advocate the adoption of any one in particular. We have much pleasure, however, in chronicling the fact that the exhibition is one of great interest, and that the designs, of which the greater part are said to be the work of native architects, show a greater amount of architectural talent than was supposed to exist in the country. Of course there are numerous imitations. One gentleman sends us the Louvre; another forwards a modification of the Tuileries; another has evidently been much struck by the facade of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg; and a fourth naïvely confesses in his "description" that he did not know what to suggest for some time, until, just at the last moment, it occurred to him to suggest the Walhalla, which he accordingly does. The designs are distinguished by numbers and mottoes, most of the latter being in Latin, while some are in gibberish—such, for instance, as "*Spes mea astrum duclum*."

The author of design No. 94 has boldly inscribed on it the word "Utilitas," because aware that most persons will object to the prodigality of his ornamentation. It is in the Italian style, and bears a considerable resemblance to the magnificent palace in the Kremlin (where it is so much out of place). Whether the railings round the elevated roof are intended to be gilt does not appear, nor are we informed even of what material it is proposed to construct the edifice; but we imagine the architect will be contented with nothing less than marble. With an admirable contempt for his motto, he next gives us a word in explanation of his design, which certainly is very beautiful, although many persons, especially those whose real motto is *utilitas*, will object to the elaborate decoration, to the statues in the niches, the statues above the portico, the profusion of tablets and medallions on the facade, &c.

No. 8 can think of nothing but space; and, unlike the proud author of No. 94, who wishes to depend solely upon his exhibited drawings, takes the trouble to write a long, but at the same time a highly sensible, essay on the subject. "No one," he says, "who has paid any attention to the subject of public buildings in large cities, but must have been struck with the almost miraculous improvement effected by extending the area along such edifices, when (how rarely!) is practicable. Architecture in its more imposing features is worse than lost if erected in a confined site, inasmuch as the two things, massive architecture and limited area, furnish a discord greatly more *disturbance* (sic) than any other in the whole compass of either art or science."

The author of No. 75, who sends an adaptation of the Louvre (with which, by-the-by, he declares himself to be connected as *inspecteur des travaux*), accompanies it with a highly Gallic "description," in which he explains, after the manner of his countrymen, how it was he happened to compete at all—what a high opinion he has of English taste, &c. At first he had no idea of making any design, "but," he continues (we translate literally) "as I had already competed for the Crystal Palace, and received an humble mention, I should have thought myself wanting in gratitude in not working anew for a country which is so desirous of encouraging the arts." "Inspired by your national ideas," he goes on, "and knowing your taste for the arts, we have thought fit to give to your edifices a monumental aspect worthy of your nation."

We have spoken of the number of imitations which as a matter of course have been sent in. The author of No. 81 has absolutely sent in an imitation of the pepper boxes and facade of the National Gallery!

Altogether the exhibition is exceedingly interesting. It will remain open until further notice on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays from ten till six, and will not be finally closed until after the expiration of six weeks from last Monday, so that ample opportunities for inspection will be enjoyed by all who feel interested in the subject of the proposed buildings. It is said that a design will be decided upon immediately after the closing of the exhibition, and that the buildings will be commenced in the autumn.

THE OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE illness of Mario, and the death of the Duchess of Gloucester, have thrown a certain melancholy over the operatic performances of the past week. The ladies of the audience have gone far towards rivaling the gentlemen in the amount of black displayed in their *toilettes*. Mr. Costa has actually appeared in black gloves, and Signor Neri Baraldi has appeared in the part of Gennaro.

At her Majesty's Theatre "I Puritani" has been still the novelty; and the excellent execution of the vocal music of the opera will doubtless continue to attract large audiences for several nights more. Giuglini, admirable as he was the first evening he appeared, is absolutely improving; and the difficult part of Arturo in "I Puritani" suits him better than any he has yet assumed. The music of Ferrando in "La Favorita" calls for somewhat more physical power than Giuglini possesses; and the tenor's part in "La Traviata," well as he plays it, is really too insignificant for him, or for any singer of great talent—although Mario played the part in Paris, and has been announced to play it also at the Lyceum, with Madame Bosio in the part of Violetta. In Arturo, however, Giuglini seems to find exactly the music which suits his voice and execution; and it must be remembered that it has neither suited the voice nor the execution of any other tenor since Rubini. We believe that even Mario was obliged to have the music transposed, and that Giuglini is the only tenor who has sung it of late years as it was written by Bellini. He is especially admirable in the beautiful air of the last act, which he sings with the greatest purity, and in the popular quartet ("A te o cara") which, thanks to his charming delivery of it the first sixteen bars, is always received with enthusiasm.

Madame Ortolani progresses in public favour, and sings with more confidence and more facility than on the opening night. She is still, however, somewhat nervous; and a circumstance as noticed on Tuesday evening showed that her nervousness interferes considerably with her performance. Her brilliant execution of the polka, procured her an encore. But brilliant as her execution had been, it had not been altogether correct, and she had missed, or rather had scarcely reached, one of her upper notes; she had touched it (to speak materially), without being able to hold it. On her repetition of the air, when everyone thought the vocalist was fatigued (with the exception, perhaps, of those who encored her, and who cannot be expected to think at all), she executed the high passages with the greatest precision, not missing the shadow of a note. To say that Madame Ortolani sang the air better the second time than the first, would be nothing, for a singer must always do that to obtain the same effect. To obtain a greater effect, it is necessary for the vocalist to exhibit a *far greater* degree of excellence; and this is just what Madame Ortolani did. As we said last week, Madame Ortolani's upper notes are admirable. As a general rule, it is with the human voice as with the atmosphere of a mountain—the higher you go, the sharper it becomes. The contrary may be said to be the case with the voice of the lady in question; and certainly there is no soprano of the present day, with the exception of Madame Bosio, whose notes in the upper region are so soft and liquid. We cannot help noticing here a peculiarity in Madame Ortolani's mode of delivery. She really executes with more facility than would appear to be the case if one were to judge by the eye instead of the ear; for in some passages of no great difficulty she has a confirmed habit of jerking her head as though it were full of loose notes, and she was endeavouring to shake them out. This action does not become a singer of Madame Ortolani's talent, nor a woman of Madame Ortolani's elegance; in fact, if we look to nature, we shall find that such a gesture as the one to which we have called attention is more characteristic of feline than of feminine utterance.

The general success of the "Puritani" is owing, in no small degree, to the meritorious execution of the parts of Riccardo and Giorgio by Benvenuto and Belletti respectively. Benvenuto, by-the-by, dresses the part of Riccardo exceedingly well; while Belletti, with an originality which we cannot but admire, "makes up" for the rôle of Giorgio (at all events, as regards the face) in the exact style of the pantaloons in the pantomime. The well-known gray wig—the equally familiar gray beard, coming down to a point—are admirable. Nothing is wanting but the pig-tail. In the first act, when the sound of the horns announces the approach of soldiers, we are somewhat astonished not to hear the basso utter the traditional pantomimic exclamation, "Somebody's coming." This new reading of the character of Giorgio is highly humorous, not to say ludicrous. Nevertheless, Belletti's singing is excellent.

The moribund "Morning Herald" has lately published two comic letters (in the comic style peculiar to that journal) on the subject of the orchestra at her Majesty's Theatre. It is time, indeed, to treat it seriously, or, in other words, to write comic letters about it in the "Morning Herald." But instead of publishing execrable letters on the subject, why does not the editor or critic of the "Morning Herald" state what is too evident to everyone who enters the theatre—that the orchestra is a nuisance? Doubtless in this orchestra there are admirable musicians, but it is too noisy to criticise. All that can be done is to protest against it. If an orator were to begin deafening us with his shouting, we should request him to lower his voice, without any reference whatever to the merit of his remarks. The orchestra at her Majesty's Theatre not only overpowers the principal singers (as, for instance, in the crescendo at the end of "A te o cara"); it overpowers the chorus when the chorus is behind the scenes, and sometimes even when it is not very far from the footlights; it occasionally overpowers itself—for example, when the melody is supposed to be played by the stringed instruments, and is altogether lost in the deafening accompaniment of the wind instruments; and finally, it overpowers the audience.

At the Royal Italian Opera the only event has been the appearance of Neri Baraldi in Mario's part of Gennaro, the Lucrezia being of course Madame Grisi. It is a terrible thing for a tenor to have to appear in a part with which Mario is inseparably associated, and above all at the very theatre where he is engaged, and among the very singers who have always been performing with him. It is quite a feat of vocal gladiatorialship, and an ordinary gladiator is sure to come out of it about as well as a man may be expected to come out of a struggle with a lion—that is to say, there is no hope for him. However, Signor Neri Baraldi remains alive, with a very good voice, and a very good method, and he will always be heard with pleasure in operas which are not eminently "Mario's operas."

The first of the opera concerts at the Crystal Palace took place last Friday, and was very well attended. The concerts are, in fact, the most agreeable that were ever organised, and are given in the most agreeable of all places of amusement. The overture to the "Magic Flute" was admirably played by Mr. Costa's orchestra; and the usual madrigal, which has now become an indispensable ingredient in each of these concerts, elicited the usual enthusiastic applause. Neri Baraldi sang his air from "Maria di Rohan," and Didée her "Son leggiere," from the same opera. Mario and Gardoni gave the duet from "Linda di Chamouni," an oper which Mr. Gye might as well produce at the Lyceum; and finally Cardoni executed with much feeling the "Una Vergine" from "La Favorita."

A SOUVENIR OF SCUTARI.

THE lengthened space which we have devoted to the Manchester display of Art-Treasures, compels us to defer our notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition until next week. In the meanwhile, however, we have engraved a picture by Mr. Armitage, who, it will be remembered, when the siege of Sebastopol was in progress, and the attention of Europe was concentrated on the besieged stronghold, went to the Crimea to exercise that artistic talent for which he is so celebrated. He has painted, or else engaged in painting, a grand work of art of one of the main incidents of the siege. While on his way home from this expedition, Mr. Armitage made a series of sketches of the localities that attracted his eye; and from one of these he painted the "Souvenir of Scutari," which is this season exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy.

Of the composition and drawing of this picture, our readers can judge from our page engravings. It is exhibited in the Architectural Room of the Royal Academy. Against the placing of a work by an artist so deservedly eminent as Mr. Armitage in so ignoble a position, we cannot too strongly protest. Of its merits as an oil painting we will speak in our next—safely prophesying that our estimate of the same will be higher than that with which the Hanging Committee is chargeable.



SOUVENIR OF SCUTARI.—(PAINTED BY E. ARMITAGE.—FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.)

THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF "A JOURNEY DUK NORTH."

(Continued from Page 286.)

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

HUMOURS OF PROFESSOR JACHIMO.

"How now, Don No-Whiskerandos, thou bald-faced Spanish stag? How goes it with thee, smooth pate?"

These were the words sung out rather than spoken, in a loud tone and a confident tone, and if truth must be spoken, in an impudent tone, by a big man who became suddenly apparent opposite the Fonda Fulgencia—(he had come round the adjacent narrow street corner)—and crossing the road unceremoniously, eclipsed Senor Harispe and his niece to boot with his big blue shadow.

"Saints in heaven who sing!" the landlord of the Fulgencia exclaimed, "it is the Senor Professor. Senor Professor, you are as welcome as—as the dinner you will be of having on this instant of time. Saints in heaven!" the little man continued, but to himself, "how glad I should be if the Professor were in heaven too—or somewhere else."

The personage to whom the title of Professor had been given was a hale tall man, of an indefinable age, but certainly under forty. His face was bronzed by long and fierce exposure to the sun. He was quite beardless, while his black hair, being closely cropped to his head in the manner affected in those days by the French citizens ill affected to the government of the citizen-king Louis Philippe, and called *à la mectente*, and furthermore, his eyes being well nigh as small as those of the individual who paid Mr. Phelim O'Doolan's rent, gave him rather of a Tartar-mandarin, and very much of a sinister, facial expression. He had large coarse hands with creases on the knuckles, and whose joints seemed to be particularly supple, the thumbs especially broad, squat, yet pliant.

The Professor's attire was of the most gorgeous description: an olive-brown surtout covered with frogs and braiding, and cuffed and faced with a profusion of velvet; a green velvet waistcoat, across whose depths mendered a golden cable rather than watch-chain; a deep stock of brocaded satin of many colours—a very Joseph's coat cut up for a neckerchief—in the midst of which was stuck an enormous brooch, which may possibly have been paste, but which glittered like the bravest of diamonds; snowy-white duck trousers, with a stripe of golden braid down the outside seam; jean boots with tiny varnished tips; a white hat with a black band—worn more, to judge from the sparkling appearance of the remainder of the Professor's costume, for the sake of ornamental contrast than as a symbol of recent domestic affliction; a gauzy cream-coloured wrapper over the olive-brown surtout—not to keep the Professor warm, for of the heat of the day you have been told, but to keep the Professor free from dust; the most flaming of yellow silk pocket-handkerchiefs; sparkling rings on almost every finger of that coarse hand; and a malacca cane with a prodigious gold knob at the top, and two long silken tassels; this carried in one hand, and a pair of straw-coloured kid gloves in the other, thus splendidly and triumphantly "completed the costume"—to adopt the time-honoured locution—of this astonishing Professor. It was not a military costume, a naval, an ecclesiastical, a Spanish, not even exactly a theatrical costume; but it was a very wonderful whole to look at—a kind of gauntlet thrown down to all the tailors in the universe, from Nugee to the Sartor-nonsartus of H.M. the King of the Cannibal Islands, with this defiance—"Match it if you can!"

When little Manuelita saw this splendid being, the curious observer might have noticed that she shrunk back, and caught hold of her uncle's arm as she drew him into the doorway; that she made him retreat quite precipitately in the long, low, unsavoury apartment where the *table d'hôte* of the Fonda was held, and that, as she encountered the bold stare of impudent admiration which the Professor deigned to bestow upon her, there came over her pretty face a flush that told, unmistakably, not of admiration, but of indignant dislike.

"There! don't pull my arm off, little Manuelita!" said her uncle, gently disengaging himself. "One would think thou wert afraid of the Senor Professor. Dost thou think he will eat thee up?"

"Eat her up!" cried the Professor, casting himself into a chair with a boisterous laugh, and flaunting the dust from his varnished boot-tips with his yellow pocket-handkerchief. "Eat her up!" and so I would—without pepper, without salt—without the particularly musty and rancid oil which you, O monkey! put into all the eatables and drinkables from the bread to the beef. Eat her up! who wouldn't eat Manuelita up? Pretty Manuelita! charming Manuelita! coquettish Manuelita! rogueish Manuelita! Star of Spain! Iberian treasure! Peninsular wonder!"

He laughed again, more coarsely and boisterously. A merry man the Professor—fond of his joke, always.

The girl looked at him with an expression of unmistakeable loathing, which symptom of distaste seemed to tickle the Professor immensely, and made him laugh with renewed force. Manuel Harispe looked too at his guest, at first in a very evil manner; but he muttered to himself between his teeth, "He pays so much!" and the dangerous expression in his face melted into a cringing, fawning smile.

"You are so always so good your laugh to have, Cavalier Professor," he said, rubbing his lean, yellow hands together; "always so funny man are you—ah, much!"

"There!" the Professor answered, with insolent nonchalance, "that will do, my friend. Just hurry on with the dinner, for I am as hungry as Nimrod, that mighty hunter, must have been when he came home from shooting hippopotamuses. Dish up, do you hear, Shylock! and Manuelita, my child of the sunny South, go you and do up your hair, and look as pretty as ever you can, that I may make love to you all dinner-time."

The niece of Manuel Harispe disdained to answer, but with an indignant flutter of her muslins brushed past her uncle and out of the room. But in the passage she caught hold of both Harispe's hands—he had followed close at her heels, and in a low—and for so pretty, gentle a creature, almost a fierce—whisper, hissed in his ear—

"Uncle, I hate that man."

Manuel Harispe gave a puzzled shrug. "Darling niece of mine, what am I to do? It is a brute beast—an English cow-man, but he pays so much."

They spoke in Spanish, lowly and softly, but with much gesticulation.

"I tell you I hate him," the dark little maiden went on. "I who love almost all the creatures that live. He is a bad, wicked, deceitful, cruel man. Look at his bad eyes! hear his bad voice! Not a day passes but he insults your sister's child."

"Insults!" the elder savagely interposed, "insults you, my dove? I should like to have his false heart's blood for that."

"Nay, tut, tut," Manuelita whispered, "I meant not so much. If he insulted me, there should be no need for you to take his blood, oh, my uncle; but his voice insults me; his manner, his odious smile, his fool's talk, all insult me. Have him no more in this house, dear uncle."

"Little darling," the Senor responded with dolorous indecision. "He drinks many, many bottles of red wine weekly. He asks never, no never for change. He flings silver crowns at the head of Margrat and at the head of Ogon Alleon; and they give me half. He is worth to me, my Manuelita, this piece of pork and gold, not three, not four, but five golden English guineas every eight days. He has been here already three months, while doing his witchcraft at the Minerva Hall, and here he says he will pay and pay, misery of me, three months longer."

Manuelita saw that it was in vain to reason further with her uncle just then on this topic, and that his avarice outweighed even his affection for her. She therefore adjourned the subject of the hated Professor's presence *sine die*, determined however to resume it on a more favourable occasion. She kissed her uncle on his skinny forehead, and tripped lightly up a narrow flight of stairs to her own little bower; there to make herself as pretty as possible (which was difficult, for that immortal ladies-maid, Nature, had made her so already) not in obedience to the insolent behests of the Pro-

fessor, but because she felt it to be a duty she owed to herself and to society, including the other *table d'hôte* guests whom she did not hate, to look pretty.

Down she came in about ten minutes, looking of a verity radiant, and with a dimpled smile took her accustomed seat at her uncle's right hand at the head of the table. She had almost forgotten the Professor, so naturally pleased was she with the hum of admiration which invariably greeted her entrance into Manuel Harispe's *salle à manger*.

those who have not climbed the pillars of Hercules, assisted at a *feast*, or wandered from their youth upwards through the halls of the Abencer rages. Margaret the Milesian, and Ogon Alleon, the tawny Spanish waiter who might have been of Moorish extraction, so deeply tinged was he, waited at table efficiently, but with a remarkable freedom from politeness. Everybody seemed to do very much as he liked, and almost everybody drank water.

Save the Professor, who, eating mightily as became his size and stature,



THE PROFESSOR COMES TO DINE WITH SENOR HARISPE.—(Drawn by Phiz.)

The guests had been dropping in by twos and threes while she had been engaged in making her brief toilet, and the table was now quite full. There might have been some four-and-twenty Spaniards, Mexicans, and Italians, all in two rows, with a Frenchman here and an Englishman there, like angels' visits or the plums in a school pudding, few and far between. The vice-chair was taken by a very long, bony, American captain of a brig from Havannah, who brought sugar to England, and took "notions" to Cuba; and evil-disposed people whispered sometimes, by way of diversion, traded between Havannah and the West Coast of somewhere with certain commodities, which certainly were not at all saccharine, and which, if they came under the head of "notions" at all, were rather dark notions, woolly-headed notions, thick-lipped notions, and especially handcuffed and bilboed notions, who having human hearts, and being troubled with such things as immortal souls, were nevertheless shipped and bought and sold, like the veriest notions in a dry goods store.

Nearly all the guests were smoking as they came in, and laid their smouldering cigars or cigaritos by their plates' sides, resuming them with a charming absence of ceremony in the intervals of the repast, or as soon as

was profuse in his consumption of red wine. He drank it as though he had been accustomed to it all his life, which may or may not have been the case. He challenged the American captain to drink, who responded, nothing loath, to the challenge. He specially invited Manuel Harispe to imbibe red wine, albeit he abhorred fermented liquors, yet knew full well that the more he drank at his guest's expense, the more he, Manuel Harispe, financially profited, so he drank and made wry faces, but was gladdened in his inmost heart. But little Manuelita steadily refused all invitations, even to wet her lips with the Professor's proffered grape-juice; she would as readily have quaffed hemlock. She had, I have said, nearly forgotten her persecutor's presence when she first sat down to dinner; but he soon made her aware that he on his part had not forgotten her. He sat nearer, which she could not, and her uncle would not, prevent. He paid her loud, bold compliments, which made her blush and tremble with shame and anger. He leered at her; he laughed and talked and abused Harispe, who, whenever he found the dangerous feeling creeping over him, as it would sometimes, softly whispered to himself, "He pays so much!"

Who was this bold Professor, and what did he profess? He—but he is



MANUELITA WATCHED BY THE PROFESSOR.—(Drawn by Phiz.)

they had eaten and drunk enough. There were no ladies present save Manuelita. The dinner was of a very ambiguous and heterogeneous description—the contents of the dishes being mostly dark in colour and powerful in odour; but two things were certain, that the Castalia of Margaret the cook's inspiration was the great river of oil, and the tree of her culinary knowledge the great clove of garlic. Beyond the certainty of these elements' presence, the dinner must indubitably have been reckoned among the *Cosas de Espana*—dark and mysterious things, incomprehensible to

of sufficient importance, I think, to demand a fresh chapter specially to introduce him.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

THE DANGERS OF BEING PRETTY.

THREE months ago, Professor Jachimo, Unutterable Wizard of the Eight Hemispheres, and Chief Magician to the Emperor of Seringapatam had landed in Liverpool from an American steamer having concluded

triumphantly prosperous tour in North and South America, India, and the adjacent suburbs. Ceding to the repeatedly-urged request of the nobility and gentry of Liverpool and its dependencies, he had consented to give a (strictly limited) number of magical representations at the Minerva Hall, in Whitechapel, prior to his unavoidable departure to fulfil his numerous engagements in British India, Honduras, the Bay of Fundy, and the Island of Formosa. For particulars see small bills.

In good sooth, and in sober earnest, Professor Jachimo was a conjuror, and a very good conjuror as conjurors go. He had an extensive apparatus and considerable dexterity of sight of hand. He went about the world conjuring pigeons out of pocket handkerchiefs and half-crowns out of plum cakes, smashing up gold watches in hats, burning five-pound notes in candles, cutting off people's heads before their faces, and otherwise setting the laws of gravitation, optics, therapeutics, and common sense at defiance. His entertainment in Liverpool was highly successful. Besides his apparatus and his facility in feats of legerdemain, he had a stock of verbal and facial impudence, always on hand and at command, perfectly marvellous in its magnitude. He drove a handsome mail phaeton about Liverpool, with two grooms in sky-blue liveries, with two, and occasionally four, fiery horses. He patronised the coffee-rooms of the most expensive hotels in the town, and smoked the choicest cigars. With his partiality for red wine the reader has already been made acquainted. Finally, he was reported to have amassed immense riches during his travels.

It certainly appeared strange, under these circumstances, and being to such an extent the favourite of fortune, that Professor Jachimo should have chosen to reside in so dubious a neighbourhood as that in which the Fonda of Juan Manuel Harispe was situated, and in such an inelegant establishment as that Fonda itself; for the Adelphi, the George, and the Queen's—those sternly frowning hotels of the city of ships—would gladly have thrown open their sumptuous portals to so wealthy a wizard, and one who disbursed so largely. Again, the Professor's stock of Spanish was meagre in quantity and anything but satisfactory in quality: still it could scarcely be with a view towards perfecting himself in the Iberian tongue that he sought the shelter of *Señor Harispe's* roof; for, once there, he scarcely ever condescended to essay a phrase in Spanish, and conducted his polite conversation with his landlord and his landlord's niece through the medium of a well of English not wholly unrefined. The Professor's language was always garnished with slang, and sometimes with oaths. Chance, or some fellow-passengers in the steamer, may have led him in the outset to become a guest at the Fonda Fulgencia; but he must have had some motive for remaining there so long. Whatever that motive might have been, he imparted it to no one, though he did not appear to be of a secretive nature generally.

When the foreign gentlemen had concluded dinner, they betook themselves to smoking again with great vigour and gusto. Black coffee, too, was brought, and shortly after its consumption, packs of cards began to be produced; then mysterious squares of green baize, which after a short lapse of time began to be covered with little heaps of silver, and half-crowns, and, at last, half-sovereigns and sovereigns. You saw more of the foreign gentlemen's hands than of their heads about this time, for the former were stretched out on all sides eagerly over the squares of green baize, and quivered and clawed the air as they were so stretched; while the latter were bent down almost to a level with the table, in their rapt attention to the varying chances of the game. The foreign gentlemen who were guests at the Fonda Fulgencia, were all gambling for dear life, as it is the dearest thing in life for foreign—and especially Spanish—gentlemen to do. And they smoked incessantly.

Professor Jachimo, whose magical performances took place only four nights a week, and who had a holiday that night, entered with great ardour into the spirit of the game. He played largely himself, and won as largely, almost invariably. For it was a remarkable circumstance connected with Professor Jachimo that he was very lucky at play, and as lucky at games of chance as at games of skill. The Professor, though with quite enough to occupy him with the cards before him, had remarkably sharp eyes for other things passing around him. He had an eye for Juan Manuel Harispe, watching that Hidalgo very much in the scrutinising fashion in which a cat watches a mouse. Harispe, for his part, sat greedily watching the alternate losses and gains of the gamblers, and longing yet fearing himself to play. When he began he could not leave off, and he was a desperately unlucky player. Often and often he had seen depart from him in a night the fruits of a week's guest-fleeing. The Professor had eyes for other things too. He saw Manuelita leave the room, as was her wonted custom, about seven o'clock, and small as were his eyes, and palpably dark the corridor that led away from the *salle à manger*, he saw Margaret the Milesian slip a note into the hands of her young mistress. The girl started, whispered the cook, and then ran up the narrow stairs. Her footstep seemed lighter than usual, whereas Professor Jachimo chuckled.

He heard her come down again, but the door was shut this time, but he knew it must be about a quarter to eight, and that muffled up in a thick mantle, half Sevillian mantilla, half Maltese *faldetta*, she was about to wend her way to the Apollo Belvidere Concert Hall. What motive, I wonder, could the Professor have had in ascertaining, as he had done, that Manuelita only danced twice that night, and that she would leave Mr. De Joskina's temple of delight soon after ten o'clock, nearly two hours before her wonted time?

The foreign gentlemen usually continued their play deep into the night; and Professor Jachimo ordinarily only commenced devoting himself to it on his return from giving his magical entertainment. On the present occasion, however, he played till half-past nine, and then bidding Don Juan Manuel Harispe a humorous good night for the present, pocketed his winnings, which had been very considerable, and saying he was going for a stroll in the cool night air, sauntered leisurely out.

"The Englishman is lucky," a tall smoke-dried Mexican, in a full suit of nankeen, remarked sentimentally, as the door closed on the Professor.

"Lucky!" Juan Manuel Harispe cried, bringing his lean fist down on the table with as much force as it was capable of, and beginning, instead of ending, a rage by a long scream. "Lucky! he is a beast, a devil, a pig, that Englishman. His looks poison me. I hate him. My house"—by which I presume he meant Manuelita—"hate him. He cheats, he lies, he thieves, he conjures. I should like to see him hanged. I should like to see him drowned. I should like to see him burnt." The *Señor* ended with another scream.

"Yet he is a good customer, Papa Harispe," observed a mild, fat little man in a jacket, who was not unlike Sancho Panza in appearance, and was perhaps the most inveterate smoker present, but had a curious propensity for emitting the fumes of the tobacco he inhaled from his eyes, or his nose, or his ears, in preference to his mouth.

"He drinks much," said the sententious Mexican, in corroboration.

For all reply, Harispe breathed hard, bit his nails, and looked at his guests with an air remarkably like that of a disappointed wild cat. Then muttering to himself, he slid noiselessly out of the room.

You will have begun to perceive that the Professor, although splendid in his attire, and liberal in his expenditure, was not popular at the Fonda Fulgencia. Of the two dozen and odd foreign gentlemen there present, there were probably not half a dozen whom he had not insulted. On Juan Manuel Harispe he had been especially hard, both during and after dinner; and the sententious Mexican had been looking carving knives at him for the last half hour. Nobody seemed to appreciate his fine clothes, his jewellery, his red wine, or his wit in the least; but all experienced a wish to resent his aggressive laughter, and coarse ribaldry and brutal insolence of manner. Little Manuelita could have found in that room full four-and-twenty partisans at that hour to avenge her quarrel with Professor Jachimo, even to the death.

All unconscious of, or uncaring for, the unfavourable criticisms to which his conduct had given rise, the mingled Professor bent his steps in a cheerfully independent manner towards the Apollo Belvidere Concert Hall. He loitered somewhat on his way, as though he were rather before than after the time of his appointment—if appointment he had. He produced from a handsomely embroidered case, the largest of Havannah cigars, and smoked that flagrant weed down to the very butt, strolling along leisurely as he smoked, and communing with himself as he strolled.

"That little half-bred Spanish filly is driving me quite wild," he said; "was there ever such a provoking little mix? She hates me, I know;

is in love with the soldier-officer from Manchester, Captain Falcon—Captain Falcon, ha, ha!"

He stopped in the street, involuntarily as it were, and kept repeating the name of Falcon, almost mechanically.

"Five hundred pounds was not much for a fellow's share in such a secret; the other fellow got as much as I, when it should all have been mine. Ah!—confound it, I did not play my cards well; and he played them only too well. Yes—yes, he gave me the five hundred pounds as per agreement, but he kept from me the great secret; the secret that would be worth not five hundred but five thousand pounds to me. If I could only find out where that boy is! Perhaps dead—perhaps never born; perhaps my precious partner never knew, and only lied in the matter. At all events, the villain disappeared, and from the day we were to have started for America together till now, I have never set eyes on him or heard of him. The paltry, treacherous coward! Upon my word," he soliloquised, apostrophising his absent friend, "upon my word, my boy, if ever I come across you again, I'll shake that secret out of you, and then murder you afterwards."

He knocked the last bright ashes from his cigar, and throwing away the stump, quickened his pace till he came to the grand entrance of the Apollo Belvidere Music Hall.

It was a huge building, one of those vast places of miscellaneous amusement that you can only find in a provincial metropolis. The windows were one blaze of light. Crowds of people were passing in and out: ragged boys, mechanics, sailors—English and foreign—cheap Liverpool dandies, and women in satin dresses, and bonnets covered with artificial flowers.

The Professor gazed at this scene with the stale and accustomed air of one *blasé* to the outside as well as the inside of places of public amusement. He waited patiently in the dark shadow of the portico, till from a door adjoining the grand entrance—a humble little door always on the swing—there glided a female figure muffled up in some garment resembling a mantilla. And this figure, after a momentary pause, was swiftly but cautiously followed down the gas-lit street by Professor Jachimo.

(To be continued.)

LAW AND CRIME.

On Saturday last, a man named May, described as a commission agent, was charged at Guildhall with fraud and conspiracy, under the following circumstances:—One Taylor, also an "agent," had obtained samples of cambric handkerchiefs on sale, from certain manufacturers in Ireland. After obtaining possession of these samples, Taylor wrote to the manufacturers, proposing May as a customer. Dealings with him were, after some inquiry, declined. Taylor then proposed to sell the goods to Myers and Co., whom he described as good for ten thousand pounds. Upon this offer, the goods were sent from Ireland to Taylor, accompanied by an invoice directed to Myers and Co., and in return a cheque from that firm for £100 on account was duly returned. A difficulty was interposed when the balance was required, and one of the manufacturers, a Mr. Gorman, came to town to make inquiries, and discovered that the goods had been sold to May, whose custom had been refused in the first instance, and that they had afterwards been disposed of to a Mr. Meeking, linen draper, of Holborn Hill. It is worthy of remark that the value of these goods is estimated at £647 odd, after deducting a discount of 27½ per cent. from the price, £893 8s. 6d. Why such a heavy discount should be allowed, we cannot say. Still, taking the value at only £647, it is somewhat singular that Mr. Meeking should only have paid for the goods £354 14s. 6d. This is sought to be accounted for on the ground that Mr. Meeking occasionally buys goods, "without asking many questions," from "persons in difficulties." Honest folks ought to be warned of the meaning of this phrase. To buy goods at a cheap rate from persons in difficulties, is, in the usual application of the words, to commit an act morally, if not legally, fraudulent. Notice of an act of bankruptcy to an intending purchaser invalidates a subsequent sale of a trader's property, as perhaps our readers know. To enable a trader approximating bankruptcy to dispose of his goods at half, or less than half their value, to another who just escapes notice of an act of bankruptcy, by prudently asking no questions, is just to defraud so many fair traders as may happen to be creditors of the difference between the fair price and the sum paid for purchase. In many other cases such a purchase would be assisting an insolvent debtor to a fraudulent concealment or disposition of his assets. But, whatever results may ensue, it can scarcely be regarded as an honest dealing, and will certainly, whenever discovered, be viewed with no merciful aspect by the legal authorities. In the present instance, as the goods have been obtained in a manner which appears, *prima facie*, absolutely dishonest, the consequences to the purchaser may perhaps prove ultimately somewhat serious. Lest any of our readers may be disposed, from the publication of this case, to attach credence in future to the announcements of pretended "cheap" linendrapers, it may be as well to add that, in that branch of trade, as in others, saleable goods have always a certain standard price, which can be readily obtained through the ordinary channels of commerce. If articles are offered to the public at a lower figure than the value which can be thus obtained, there must be unfairness somewhere. Either the goods are not what they are represented to be, or they have been improperly obtained by the vendor.

Mrs. Cobbett, so well known in the law courts, applied on Monday last to the Common Pleas for a *habeas corpus*, to bring up her husband to move for a new trial in an action which he has unsuccessfully defended, and for the costs of which he is now imprisoned. The application was refused, when it came out that Mrs. Cobbett had on previous occasions obtained no less than fifty-six writs of *habeas*. The curious condition, mental and bodily, which necessitates a constant supply of *habeas* to Mr. Cobbett, is possibly worthy the attention of psychoanalysts; but perhaps not one of the least affecting sights to be seen constantly presented at our courts is that of his noble-hearted wife, wearing herself out body and mind, to provide her husband with this singular luxury.

From what transpired at the Bankruptcy Court on Monday last, it appears probable that some of the concoctors of the Royal British Bank swindle will shortly illustrate the modern axiom of the right men in the right places, by being forced to appear in the dock of the Old Bailey. Some anxiety is felt by the public as to whether the delay before commencing criminal proceedings may not allow the delinquents to escape. It is true that the Act of 7 and 8 Vict., cap. 111, under which the indictment will probably be framed, directs that the Bankruptcy Court shall certify the causes of the failure to the Privy Council, who may put the matter in train for a government prosecution. But this clause is, after all, permissive, and we scarcely think would prevent the immediate arrest of guilty parties for the offences with which they are charged.

The "Morning Advertiser" of Tuesday last, makes an announcement respecting its talented correspondent, Mr. Urquhart, who, it appears, has recently almost fought a duel. By some connection, which we cannot altogether comprehend, the residue of the article consists of a detail of the career of a wonderful infant who has been obliged to go without his clothes ever since his birth, in order to test the possibility of the traditional accounts of the ancient Britons. The experiment is said to have been perfectly successful, and to be productive of immense advantages, the child being unusually healthy, perfectly insensible to variations of temperature, and especially graceful in his movements and attitudes. This may be all very well for a child, and very pleasing to the experimentalists; but these scientific gentlemen ought to know that there are other laws among us now than those which governed the ancient Britons, and that a youthful Englishman of the present day brought up upon this system, will certainly be committed to prison as a rogue and vagabond, should he attempt to carry out in public the theory of his guardians.

On Saturday last, at the Insolvent Court, Mr. Commissioner Phillips, in remarking upon a case before him, said that he feared he was too lenient. We have heard the worthy Commissioner make a similar declaration on another occasion. He added that he was in the habit of getting letters complaining of his "leniency." He would rather have a complaint of his leniency than his severity; but as the parties who addressed him did not sign their names, he took no notice of what they said. We readily admit that mercy in a judge is not usually altogether a ground of complaint against him in his office. But there are cases, and most especially in the

Insolvent Court, where lenity towards the fraudulent is cruelty towards the honest. It might be argued, and be capable moreover of proof to a considerable extent, that the facility with which a debtor, by no means honest, can get rid of his obligations by the medium of the Insolvent Court, has a most demoralising effect upon small traders and the classes who use credit as a means of subsistence. The creditor who sees his just claims continually evaded by dishonest persons almost with impunity, is injured, not only pecuniarily by the loss of his rights, but also, only too frequently, in his principles as a commercial man. It may be that Mr. Commissioner Phillips—than whom perhaps few of our judicial authorities are more worthy of respect, and whose chief cognizance of debts consists in their being brought before him as unpaid—does not view this matter so gravely as those to whom every unpaid debt is a clear pecuniary loss. But, outside the court, one can scarcely wonder at the feelings with which swindled creditors regard their depredators. As to such persons addressing him in unsigned letters, it should be remembered that, however strong may be the opinions entertained by the writers, it would render them liable at least to severe reprehension were they to append their names to the appeals which the Commissioner appears so frequently to receive upon this subject.

Two women were respectively sentenced for distinct offences, to imprisonment for one week and three months. In the police cell preparatory to their removal to prison, they agreed to exchange their sentences, each one pretending to be the other, and undergoing the wrong punishment accordingly. Neither being known at the jail, this scheme proved successful. The one condemned for three months was naturally well pleased to escape after a week. But the other had no less strong a reason for the exchange. She was about to become a mother, and knew that the comfort and attention bestowed upon her in prison would be superior to those she could afford to procure at her home. Had she applied at the workhouse she would have had to relinquish all her scanty worldly goods. The fraud was eventually discovered, but the case furnishes a strong practical commentary upon our treatment of criminals as contrasted with that bestowed upon our poor. The one who received the longer sentence has been arrested and sent back to undergo the remainder of her period of incarceration. Both are further liable to prosecution—one for an escape, and her confederate for assisting therein.

A man of shabby appearance was charged at Worship Street on Saturday with having obtained sums of money under false representations. The prosecutor was distantly related to the prisoner by marriage, and appears to be one of those persons who hold out a premium to roguery by their credulity and gullibility. Among the means by which the dupe was induced to part with his money, were statements by the accused that he was about to come into possession of property valued at £125,000 at Bengal; that he was able to raise mustard and cress from the seed in four hours and a half; that Baron Rothschild had offered £250 for the secret; that this sum had been "scornfully declined;" but that the victim would, in consideration of the great regard subsisting between the parties and the family connection, be "put up to it" in consideration of the loan of a sovereign. The Magistrate said it would be useless to send the case to a jury, as such fabrications were scarcely of a character to deceive a child of ordinary intellect. We are inclined, however, to think that the Magistrate had another reason, namely, that the prisoner could not be convicted without proof that his assertions were untrue; that no property in Bengal belonged to him; that mustard and cress could not be raised in the time specified; and that the Baron (who must have been called as a witness) had not made the offer mentioned. With the law in such a state as this, and such men in the world as the prosecutor, walking about with sovereigns in their pockets and morally intreating to be swindled, it is only to be wondered at that the prisoner should be described as of shabby appearance. If he do not ride in his carriage and keep his hunters and his opera-box, the fault can only be his own.

THE LAW AT A DEAD STOP.—The officers of the Westminster County Court, armed with a warrant of execution against Parkinson, the owner of a caravan formerly belonging to Wombwell's menagerie, proceeded to that vehicle, which was stationed at Thames Bank, Putney. Parkinson, who with his wife and family lived in the van, refused to admit the officers, and, opening a window, exhibited a large joint of meat and some loaves of bread, stating that he was well provisioned. The officers then moved the van to the County Court auctioneer's premises in Vincent Square. Here, admission being refused to it unless its living freight were first discharged, it was allowed to remain outside, when the inspector of nuisances took possession of it, and by his orders it was being removed towards the green-yard, but it had only gone a few yards when the wheels refused to move, and there the matter—and the caravan—stands.

POLICE.

THE MURDER AT WOOLWICH.—George Bave, the seaman charged with the murder of Samuel Long, corporal of Marines, at Woolwich, has been committed for trial. The court was densely crowded.

LIBEL ON THE BANK OF LONDON.—Some time since, it may be remembered a young man was prosecuted for attempting to extort money from the Bank of London, on pretence that he had claims on its originators. The prosecutors were merciful, and on the conviction of the accused they did not press for punishment; but it appears that their kindness was thrown away. Lately, attacks have been made on the credit of the bank. The "Atlas" weekly newspaper assailed it, but afterwards apologised. An obscure publication, the "Joint-Stock Companies' Journal," copied the article of the "Atlas," and added fresh attacks of a very libellous character. Boys were employed to hawk the papers about the bankers' quarters in the City, and one lad was stationed opposite the Bank of London with a defamatory placard. He was taken into custody, produced before the Lord Mayor, but liberated on stating who was his employer. This person, William Cockburn, was arrested, and charged with publishing a false and defamatory libel. Cockburn describes himself as a newsagent. His paper is not entered at the Stamp Office; it has no regular office for publication; printer and publisher it is alike difficult to discover. Cockburn has frequently tried in vain to obtain advertisements from the bank. It is believed that the person formerly prosecuted by the bank is in league with Cockburn; and Mr. Bodkin said it was intended to arrest him, and charge him and Cockburn with conspiracy. The evidence of two boys was taken, showing that Cockburn had employed them to sell the papers and exhibit the placards. Cockburn was held to bail in his own recognizances to appear on a future day.

"RATTENING" AT SHEFFIELD.—George Royston, the man who was suspected of having blown up the house of George Gillet, at Sheffield, has been examined by the police magistrates. A man named Brammer was called to show that Royston was in his house at the time of the explosion. This witness alleged that he was in bed when the explosion took place; that he hastily slipped on part of his clothes, ran into the street, and saw the prisoner then looking out of his chamber window. In reply to this witness's evidence, the prosecution proved that Brammer was the first man seen on the spot after the explosion; that he was then completely dressed, and his conduct was such as to lead to the suspicion that he presented himself there in order to divert suspicion from Royston. For, without being addressed, he said, "I was in the street when the explosion took place, and George Royston put his head out of his chamber window, and asked me, as I passed, what had happened." He added that he had been in company with some friends, and was on his way home when he heard the explosion. He repeated the same statement to several persons; and it was imputed that the evidence he had now given, of having been in bed when the explosion occurred, was an afterthought, and given for the double purpose of clearing the prisoner and himself. The magistrates committed the prisoner for trial at the assizes, and refused bail. It was intimated that Brammer would also be indicted at the assizes.

THE TRIAL OF BACON.—The witnesses resident in Stamford who are to give evidence on the trial of Thomas Fuller Bacon and his wife for the murder of their children, have received their subpoenas. They are summoned to the sessions of the Central Criminal Court, commencing on the 11th inst.; but it is intimated their attendance will not be required till Wednesday, the 13th, on which morning, it is expected, the trial will take place.

GAMBLERS SURPRISED.—A strong body of police made forcible entry into a gambling-house, in Little Newport Street, London, last week, and surprised about forty persons. A general panic ensued, and many of the gamblers escaped across the roof. One of the proprietors of the house and thirteen persons were captured. A great crowd assembled to see the fun.

ALLEGED POISONING AT CHELSEA.—The body of a lady named Heaton, who died some time since at Chelsea, has been examined on suspicion that she had been poisoned. The principal ground of suspicion was that the female who had lived with her had not allowed her relatives to have free intercourse with her, and all the property of the deceased had been bequeathed to that person, who had been her companion. The post mortem examination proved that the cause of death was inflammation of the lungs, and no trace of poison was discovered.

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